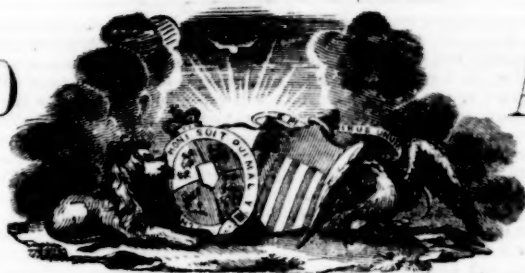


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ROSALIE.

"I seem to hear the mourners go
With long black garments trailing slow
And plumes nodding to and fro"—LOWELL'S POEMS.

The sun hath kissed yon craggy height,
And spread a flood of rosy light
Upon the trailing robes of night,
(Her funeral garments), Rosalie!
While down the glen her footsteps creep,
The nodding flowers fall asleep,
And twilight steals away to weep,
Upon her bosom, Rosalie!

The stars peep out upon the sky,
They hold their twinkling lamps on high,
To watch the funeral train go by,
Far, far beneath them, Rosalie!
Their lights are dancing on the stream,
And while they move the ripples gleam
Like diamonds. On its breast they seem
A heap of jewels, Rosalie!

I knelt last night upon thy tomb,
And gliding from the shuddering gloom,
All clad in white I saw thee come,
And kneel beside me, Rosalie!
You knelt upon the cold white stone,
Your earnest eyes as mildly shone,
As when their light first fell upon
A heart that's broken, Rosalie!

The leaves o'erhead were whispering low,
The cold dews clustered on my brow;
I tried to grasp thy hand of snow,
But could not touch it, Rosalie!
I would have prayed, but did not dare
To ope my lips whilst thou wert there;
I could not breathe my deep despair
With thine eyes on me, Rosalie!

Thy gentle gaze burnt on my brain,
My hot tears washed the stone, like rain;
Where'er they dropt, I saw a stain
Of blood before me, Rosalie!
And still thine eyes shone like a spell,
Within my soul their lustre fell;
They seemed to watch the raging hell
Which burnt within me, Rosalie!

I thought of childhood's happy time,
Life's Mecca, round whose sunny shrine
The pilgrim thoughts of Age entwined
Their faded garlands, Rosalie!
Then, like you stream, the golden hours,
Freighted with Hope's too fragrant flow'rs,
Swept gently past bright boyhood's bow'rs,
How soon they vanished, Rosalie!

Soon from the black and rustling gloom
I saw my boyhood's playmates come,
And crowding round thy marble tomb,
They stared upon me, Rosalie!
I thought I saw my mother there,
Her lips seemed struggling with a prayer,
And from her brow her snowy hair
Was wildly streaming, Rosalie!

Oh God! within her tearless eyes
Were hid such haunting memories;
I thought I saw the accusing skies
Frown darkly on me, Rosalie!
Thus, often since the night she died,
Around my bed I've seen her glide,
With lips apart, as though she tried
To utter something, Rosalie!

Upon my forehead, cold and bare,
You put aside the long damp hair,
And left a pledge of pardon there:
E'en yet I feel it, Rosalie!
And then I saw your thin white hand
Give to the crowd a mute command;
And through the gloom the shadowy band
Stalked on before thee, Rosalie!

You looked as on that happy night,
Your hair as dark, your eyes as bright,
"As when we murmured our troth plight
Beneath the thick stars," Rosalie!
Against the sod I laid my head,
Ah! then I knew that thou wert dead,
And felt at last my soul was wed
To endless torment, Rosalie!

Why did I doubt that thou wert true,
Until my love to madness grew;
The only guilt thy breast ere knew
Was one wild worship, Rosalie!
Yes, when you sank beneath yon stream,
The waves closed o'er thee like a dream,
But in thy last fond glance was seen
Thy heart's deep secret, Rosalie!

For hours upon this spot I've stood,
And watched thee floating on the flood,
Thy snowy garments bathed in blood,
Thy face turned towards me, Rosalie!
The waves would sweep thy long black hair
Across thy breast so white and bare,
And through the hushed and startled air
I'd hear thee murmuring, Rosalie!

Brooklyn.

F.

NEY AND LABEDOYERE.

It was on the 26th of February, 1815, that Napoleon embarked with a body of about 1000 men, composed of some of his old guards who had followed him to Elba, of some Italians and Elbese, some Corsicans and others, comprising about 200 dragoons and about 100 Polish lancers, with saddles, without horses. On the 1st of March he landed at Cannes, a short distance from Frejus. The Provencals neither welcomed him nor attempted to oppose him. There were no king's troops in the neighbourhood. He hurried through Provence, into Dauphiny, "the cradle of the Revolution;" and there the people began to flock round his standard. Still no troops joined him, and he felt uneasy. On the 5th of March he issued two exciting proclamations, one to the French people and the other to the army. It was in the latter that he said that his soldiers had not been beaten, and that he and they had only been betrayed; that in his exile he had heard the complaining voice of his army, and that he had arrived once more among them to renew their glory, and to put down foreign interference. After reminding them of the victories of Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, &c., and bidding them come and range themselves under the banner of their old chief he said, "Victory shall march at the charging step. The eagle shall fly from steeple to steeple, till she perches on the tower of Notre Dame!" This proclamation produced an immense effect. As he approached Grenoble, he met for the first time some regular troops. They were a battalion of infantry, which had been sent forward from that city to stop his march; but a short parley on the road ended in their joining him. Just outside the walls of Grenoble, the 7th regiment of the line commanded by M. Charles de Labedoyere, an officer of noble birth, and one who had been promoted by Louis XVIII., but who had recently set out from Paris with the determination to break his oath to that king, set up a joyous shout, rushed from their ranks to hug and kiss their old comrades, who had come from Elba, crying "Vive l'Empereur!" and joined him. General Marchand, who commanded the strong garrison within the walls, shut the gates, and would fain have done his duty; but his men joined in the cry of "Vive l'Empereur," and when Bonaparte blew open one of the gates with a howitzer, all the soldiers did what the 7th regiment had done before them. Next morning the civil authorities of Grenoble renewed their allegiance. Bonaparte had now an enthusiastic veteran army of nearly 7000 men. With this force he descended the mountains of Dauphiny, and appeared within sight of Lyons on the 10th of March. The king's brother, the Count d'Artois, was in that city, and was ably and honestly assisted by Marshal Macdonald, who could not throw his oath to the wind; but the troops and the populace at Lyons followed the example at Grenoble, the prince and the conscientious marshal were obliged to fly for their lives, and Bonaparte entered that second city of France in triumph. The rest of the march to Paris was a triumphant one. All along the road the emperor was joined by soldiers, in detachments, battalions, or entire divisions, who tore the white cockade from their caps, trampled upon it, and mounted the tricolor. The Bourbons were abandoned by the whole army; yet still, except in Grenoble and in Lyons, the people gave few or no signs of enthusiasm: many fled out of the way, and the majority of those that remained on the line of march seemed to be bewildered, and to be wondering what would come next. Louis XVI. was now waited upon by Marshal Ney, whom he had favoured and honoured, but who apparently apprehended that the command of the troops that still remained under the white flag would be given to Macdonald, or to Marmont, or to some other marshal equally averse to perjury and treason. Ney, with a profusion of protestations, volunteered to take the command, to intercept the invader; and, on getting what he wished, and on kissing the king's hand at parting, he swore that within a week he would bring Bonaparte to Paris in an iron cage. "Adieu, marshal; I trust to your honour and fidelity," was the reply of the confiding and duped Louis. The marshal went to Lons-le-Saulnier, and joined the emperor with his entire force! Nothing now remained to Louis but some battalions under Marshal Macdonald, who posted himself at Melun, between Paris and Fontainebleau. On the 19th of March, Bonaparte slept in the old palace of Fontainebleau, where he had signed his act of abdication in the preceding month of April. The next morning he resumed his easy march for the capital. Instead of disputing his passage, Macdonald's people trampled on their white flags and cockades, shouted "Vive l'Empereur," kissed, hugged, and joined. Macdonald, with a few officers, escaped to Paris. He found the Tuileries deserted; Louis XVIII. had fled at midnight for the fortified town of Lille, near the Belgian frontier, and most of his ministers and courtiers had fled many hours before. The Royalists wept and tore their hair, but they were helpless; the mass of the population of Paris seemed totally indifferent; there

was no armed force within the city upon which any dependence could be placed. About twelve hours after the king's departure, or at noon of the 20th, a great troop of half-pay officers, with their swords drawn, with two pieces of cannon, and a detachment of cuirassiers, reached the Place de Carrousel, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" and demanding to mount guard at the palace with the national guards. There was no resisting this demand, and, in the gardens of the Tuileries, in the courts, and at the gates of the palace, national guards, wearing the white cockade, were mixed with these half-pay desperadoes wearing the tricolor cockade. Shortly after this, there arrived at the Tuileries, from all quarters of Paris, new personages, ex-ministers of Bonaparte, councillors of state, chamberlains in their imperial court costume, comptrollers of the household, court valets in their old livery, cooks, and butlers, who resumed their services as tranquilly as they could have done if Bonaparte had only been absent on a short journey or campaign, as if his court and household had been kept in a state of readiness for his return. Ladies appertaining to the imperial court now began to arrive, and to fill the salons of the palace; and the very ushers and pages were already at the doors of the several apartments, to maintain the strict imperial etiquette. At half-past nine, on the night of the 20th—a foggy and rainy night—a tremendous noise announced the arrival of the emperor, a troop of lancers galloped through the principal gate, a low mud-covered carriage stopped, Bonaparte in his grey great-coat stepped out, a number of generals and officers took him on their shoulders, and carried him up to the state apartments, while the soldiery and a part of the mob rent the air with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

[The act of Ney during the celebrated "hundred days," and particularly his share in the great day of Waterloo, are matters too well known to be dwelt on here: we therefore proceed to subsequent events.]

The first man that carried to Paris the news of his irretrievable disaster was Bonaparte himself. Leaving his brother Jerome on the frontier to try and rally some of the remains of the army, he flew to the capital, where he arrived during the night of the 20th, to find that his chamber of representatives was now far more hostile to him than the *corps législatif* had been on his flight from Leipzig. To Caulaincourt he said that the army was, indeed, lost; that it had performed prodigies, when a sudden panic seized it and ruined all; that Ney had conducted himself like a madman, throwing away all the cavalry; that there was nothing more to be done! When he recovered a little more composure, his first thoughts were how he could break up the constitution he had sworn to on the 1st of June; how he could get rid of the two Chambers, and seize the absolute and undivided power of a dictator. The Chambers, anticipating his blows, declared their session permanent, and demanded his abdication. Lafayette, who had been once more brought upon the scene by circumstances which he had not helped to make, and over which he had no more control than the maker of an almanac has over the tempest which blows, or the sun which rises and sets, made an oration in the style of 1791, applauded the civism and patriotism of the national guards of Paris, and induced the representatives to declare that any attempt to dissolve them should be high treason. Lucien Bonaparte appeared before the House, and harangued and pleaded for Napoleon; but there was no army now, as on the 18th Brumaire, to second Lucien's eloquence, and make the members jump out of the windows, as at St. Cloud; and so Lucien made no impression on the assembly. The House of Peers lagged a little behind; but not for long. The peers, though all Bonapartists, concurred with the representatives in the fact that it was only one man that stood between France and peace; but many of them would have substituted Napoleon II. for Napoleon I., or would have declared the son of Maria Louisa Emperor of the French, with his mother for regent. Lucien, Charles Labedoyère, Count Flahault, Marshal Davoust, and Carnot strongly supported this project in the House. Davoust, as war minister, read a report of the military resources of the country, and Carnot following him, endeavoured to prove that the report was a true one, and that France was still able to defend itself against the armies of Wellington and Blücher, which were already on their panic-stricken frontier, and against all the armies of Europe. But here Ney, who had just arrived, full of rage and despair, interrupted Carnot, and gave the lie direct both to that ci-devant Jacobin republican and to Marshal Davoust, exclaiming, "That is false! That is false! You are deceiving the peers and the people! Wellington is coming! Blücher is not beaten! There is nothing left but the corps of Marshal Grouchy! In six or seven days the enemy will be here!" The peers were all aghast. At this moment Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte, Labedoyère, Flahault, and others entered the House in full dress, and plumed hats on their giddy heads; they came from the Tuileries; they came to announce the voluntary abdication of Napoleon I., and to proclaim Napoleon II.; and they shouted, "The emperor is politically dead! Long live Napoleon the Second!" But Ney's stern truths still filled the House, and prevented the echoes which might have followed this proclamation of the little King of Rome. Most of these peers, whose patents were not a month old, shook their heads, and said it could not be; some referred to the declaration of the allied sovereigns, that they would never treat with a member of the Bonaparte family; and some directly opposed the proposition. Upon this, Charles Labedoyère fell into a transport of fury, and threatened them all with destruction. In reward for his treason at Grenoble, Bonaparte had promoted this young colonel to the rank of lieutenant-general, and had made him a peer. Labedoyère had, therefore, not only much to lose, but much to fear from the return of the Bourbons. The peers cried shame, and called him to order; but nothing could stop him. "Napoleon," he cried, "has abdicated, but only on condition of his son succeeding him!" He said that, if the Chambers would not acknowledge the son, then the father ought to keep the sword in his hand, surrounded by the soldiers; and he proposed—in the language as well as in the spirit of the Reign of Terror—that every Frenchman who quitted the standard of Napoleon should be declared infamous, that his house should be razed to the ground, and that not only he but his family also should be proscribed. "Then we shall have no more traitors to the emperor!" So said Labedoyère in 1815. "Cut me off a hundred thousand more heads of aristocrats, prescribe all the rest, and burn their houses to the ground, and we shall have no more traitors to the republic!" So said Marat in 1792. After uttering these gentle propositions, Labedoyère rushed out of the Chamber of Peers and returned to his master to recommend him to crush the two chambers with a military force, seize the most obnoxious and most active members, summon all the soldiery round him and retire towards the Loire, to try another struggle in central France. Lucien, too, had advised his brother to dissolve the chambers; and Carnot and others joined Lucien in remonstrating against his abdication, and in representing that the cession in favour of his son must remain a nullity. But Napoleon signed the act of abdication, in favour of his son Napoleon II., on the 22nd of June; and he determined to abide by it, or at the least to give up a hopeless struggle. He knew better than his poetizing brother the real state of affairs; he knew that the Chamber of Representatives

could not be dissolved like the Council of Five Hundred; he knew that the great majority of the peers would now make common cause with the representatives, and that the two chambers united would be far too strong for him. He had a much livelier sense than Lucien could have of the field of Waterloo, and, though he should collect another army, he knew that the armies of all Europe were marching against him; that, while Wellington and Blücher were on the north-eastern frontier, the Austrian general Frimont was marching through Switzerland and Savoy to attack on that frontier, that Prince Schwarzenberg was now ready to pour enormous forces across the Rhine, and that the Emperor Alexander was not far off with 200,000 Russians. The allies could have put 800,000 men into France before the end of the month of July! After his abdication Bonaparte retired to Malmaison, where his wife Josephine had died.

The Chamber of Peers set up a provisional government, consisting of Caulaincourt, Quenett, Grenier, Carnot, and Fouché—a most strange jumble of men and principles. Fouché, who had ten times more craft, cunning, and ability than all his four colleagues put together, had seen clearly, ever since the battle of Waterloo, that the restoration of the Bourbons was an inevitable necessity; and he shaped his course accordingly, not at all despairing of enjoying as much pre-eminence under Louis XVIII. as he had ever enjoyed under Napoleon. Minister of police, minister of the interior, or minister for foreign affairs, Fouché was ready for anything. He at once got himself named president of this commission of government, and took the entire direction upon himself, treating Carnot like an obstinate old fool, and the rest of them as nobodies. This strange provisional government, which assumed to itself all the powers of France, must have been more hateful and humiliating to the fallen emperor than all the rest of his disgraces; yet still he lingered at Malmaison for nearly a whole week, and until the advance of Wellington and Blücher rendered his further stay impossible.

The British and Prussian armies met with hardly any the feeblest resistance on their march upon Paris. On the 1st of July, Wellington took up a position a few short miles from the capital, with his right upon the heights of Richelieu, with his left upon the Forest of Bondy. Blücher crossed the Seine at St. Germain as Wellington advanced; and on the 2nd of July the right of the Prussian army was at Plessis-Piquet, its left at St. Cloud, and its reserve at Versailles. Two days before this, while the Duke of Wellington was at Etretat, five commissioners were sent to him from Paris by the provisional government to negotiate a suspension of hostilities. These negotiators began with asserting that Bonaparte's abdication had virtually put an end to the war. The duke told them that it was impossible for him to consider the whole transaction of the abdication in any other light than as a trick; and that he could not stop his operations with a view to any benefit likely to result from such an arrangement to the object the allies had in view in the war. Fouché's commissioners then said that they had every reason to believe that Napoleon had quitted Paris; and, in case he had not, they proposed various schemes "in order to get rid of him." One of their schemes was to seize him and send him to England; another, to hand him over to his father-in-law the Emperor of Austria. To this Wellington replied that he had no authority to settle such schemes; that he was quite certain that, if Napoleon was sent to England, the prince regent would keep him to be disposed of by the allies by common accord, and that he had no reason to doubt that the Emperor of Austria would do the same. He further told these French commissioners that, if they really intended to dispose of Bonaparte in that way, they had much better send him at once to Marshal Blücher or to the English head-quarters. The Frenchmen then said that it was probable he was gone to Rochefort to embark for America, or that he would go as soon as he should hear of the near approach of the allied armies, and before they could send to Paris; and they asked the duke whether in that case he would stop his operations. The Duke told them that Paris contained other dangerous men; that besides Napoleon there were his adherents, the declared enemies of the allies, and that before he could stop his operations he must see some steps taken to re-establish a government in France which should afford the allies some chance of lasting peace. They then begged to know what would satisfy the allies upon this point. The Duke told them he had no authority even from his own government, and much less from the allies, to discuss this subject; that all he could do was to give them his private opinion, and that this opinion was that the return and re-establishment of Louis XVIII. was a *sine qua non*. He added that he wished, as a private individual, that the French themselves would recall the king, as it would not then appear that the measure had been forced upon them by the allied armies. In the same private capacity, he expressed his conviction that Louis XVIII. would consent to the responsibility of ministers, and to other constitutional and administrative reforms which the French people desired. While the Duke was talking, he received Louis XVIII.'s proclamation, dated Cambrai, the 28th of June, countersigned by Talleyrand. He handed the paper immediately to the French commissioners, pointing out to them the king's promise to make the very alterations in his administration which they had proposed. The commissioners took objection to certain paragraphs in the proclamation, wherein Louis announced the intention of punishing some of those concerned in the plot which had brought back Bonaparte, &c. Although not named as yet, the commissioners, the provisional government, and all France must have understood that Marshal Ney and Labedoyère were included in this traitorous category; and that the government of Louis XVIII. reserved to itself the right of bringing them to condign punishment. The commissioners saw the royal proclamation four days before the capitulation of Paris. To their remarks on the avenging paragraph the Duke of Wellington had nothing to say; and they themselves really appear to have said or thought very little about it. We call attention to the paragraph only in order to prove that the provisional government and Marshal Davoust perfectly well knew the intention of Louis XVIII. with regard to Ney, Labedoyère, and others, three or four days before they concluded the convention of Paris with Wellington and Blücher, a convention in which the case of those traitors was not provided for in any way. Before he left them the commissioners asked categorically whether the appointment of a regency to conduct the affairs of the French government in the name of Napoleon II. would be likely to satisfy the allies, and stop his grace's advance upon Paris? or whether the allies would be satisfied if some other prince of a royal house were called to the French throne? [It is well known that a certain party already, and, indeed, long before this crisis, entertained the notion of giving the crown to the Duke of Orleans, now Louis Philippe.] To the first of these queries Wellington answered "Certainly not;" to the second he said that it was impossible for him to answer such loose questions. On the following day, the 30th of June, those commissioners returned to the Duke's head-quarters to assure him, in positive terms, that Bonaparte was really gone; and to demand upon that ground alone an immediate armistice. Wellington said he was not unwilling to agree to an armistice upon the following conditions:—1. That he and Marshal Blücher should halt in their present advanced positions, and not advance nearer to Paris; 2. That all the French troops should retire from Paris to the

country behind the Loire; 3. That Paris should be held by the national guards of the town, until the king should order otherwise. The commissioners said that the provisional government could not or would not send away the forces beyond the Loire; upon which the Duke told them that he would not consent to suspend hostilities as long as a soldier of that army remained in Paris. "In fact," writes his Grace to the British government, "if they were to restore the king, and his Majesty were to return to Paris, the troops remaining there, his Majesty would be entirely in the hands of the assemblies and of the army, who cannot be considered in any other light than as the creatures and instruments of Napoleon." This army in and round Paris, counting shattered and disorganised corps, fugitives from Waterloo, and all, was estimated by the provisional government at 40,000 men. It probably amounted to 30,000; and, obeying the impulses of Labédoyère and other desperate officers, it had declared for Napoleon II. Louis XVIII., who had been obliged to quit Lille, his first place of refuge, and repair to the city of Ghent, in the rear of the allied armies, now followed the Duke of Wellington's recommendation, and came on towards Paris. On the 1st of July Marshal Davoust wrote to the British commander-in-chief on the subject of the armistice; but the Marshal did not yet adopt the terms without which Wellington had determined not to suspend his movements for a single hour. He and Blücher had, therefore, advanced, as we have seen, almost to the suburbs of the French capital. In taking up his positions on the left bank of the Seine, on the 2d of July, the army of Napoleon II. offered some resistance to old Blücher; and there was even some hard fighting on the heights of St. Cloud and Meudon, and in the village of Issy; but the country people remained neutral, and the Prussian corps of General Ziethen surmounted every obstacle. On the 3d of July, at three o'clock in the morning, the French renewed the attack, and attempted to recover the village of Issy; but they were repulsed with considerable loss. No attempt was made to check the approaches or molest the positions of the British. The provisional government and Marshal Davoust now yielded to necessity, and to the terms which the Duke of Wellington had proposed to their commissioners three days before, with this important addition, that the city of Paris, the heights of Montmartre, and all its other defences, were to be put quietly in the possession of the British and Prussian armies. They saw that Paris was now open to the allies on its vulnerable side, that a communication was established between the two allied armies on opposite sides of the Seine, by a bridge which Wellington had established at Argenteuil; and that a British corps was likewise moving upon the left of the Seine towards the bridge of Neuilly; and, therefore, they sent out a flag of truce, desiring that the firing might cease on both sides of the Seine, and that negotiations might be opened at the palace of St. Cloud, "for a military convention between the armies, under which the French army should evacuate Paris." Officers accordingly met on both sides at St. Cloud; and on that night the military convention was concluded by three French officers, one English officer, and one Prussian officer; and on the following day it was approved by the Duke of Wellington, by Marshal Blücher, and by Davoust, who acted on the part and in the name of the French army, and the ratifications were exchanged. On the same day, and almost before his signature to the deed was dry, the Duke wrote to his government, "This convention decides all the military questions at this moment existing here, and touches nothing political." The French troops, as by this agreement bound, had all evacuated Paris by the 6th, and had begun their march towards the Loire. Labédoyère is said to have gone with them, or to have followed them beyond the Loire. But Marshal Ney fled from Paris in disguise on the 6th, with a passport, given to him by Fouché, under a feigned name. This is proof enough that Ney did not consider himself included in the convention or capitulation. When he so fled, he knew, in common with all Paris, the articles of that capitulation; he knew that there was not one of them which could in any way shield him against the government of Louis XVIII.; he knew what the Duke of Wellington had said to the commissioners on the 30th, when he handed them the copy of the king's proclamation, which so clearly announced the intention of punishing some of the Bonapartist plotters; he knew that the provisional government had introduced no article, clause, or paragraph to shield him and others in his predicament; he knew that the Duke of Wellington could never have agreed to negotiate upon such a subject; and therefore it was that he, alike conscious of his guilt and of his danger, fled in an ignominious manner from Paris the day before the allied armies took possession of that city. At the moment he fled, Louis XVIII., whom he had betrayed, with the addition of so many exasperating circumstances, was at St. Denis, only eight miles from Paris.

The faults committed, or allowed to be committed, by the Bourbons at the Restoration of 1814 did not include any over-severity or cruelty, or bloodshed; and, if we consider the wrongs which the family had suffered, or the execrable barbarities which had been practised upon some members of that unfortunate family, including the Duchess of Angoulême, who had survived them, and who now returned to Paris, it must be confessed that the abstinence from vengeance was altogether astonishing. Many of the members of the National Convention, who, in defiance of all law, had voted the deaths of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the Princess Elizabeth, were living in France, and were left to live there undisturbed. Many notorious scoundrels who had played the part of gaolers and tormentors in the Temple were permitted to live in Paris: not one was brought to the scaffold, not one was transported, hardly one was exiled. All who had acquired titles, honours, estates, and by whatsoever means, were allowed to retain them without inquiry or question. It was the first time that a revolution, or a counter-revolution, had happened in France without being followed by torrents of blood. The conspiracy, the return from Elba, the flight from the Tuileries, the campaign of Waterloo, seemed but an evil return for so much moderation. It is reported that the Emperor of Austria, on learning the return from Elba and the triumphant march upon Paris, said to the Emperor of Russia, who had always recommended moderation and magnanimity, "Well, Sir, now you see what has happened from protecting your Jacobins at Paris!" It was not to be expected from human nature, and, perhaps, at that time, not one man in a thousand thought it consistent with good policy, that the second restoration, or the counter revolution of 1815 should be so bloodless and so gentle as that of 1814. Many of the treasons which had been committed had been attended with such exasperating circumstances! Saints might bear them, but they were not to be borne by princes and men liable to human passions! To the stormier of these passions few princes or men were less liable than was Louis XVIII.; but, having been so grossly betrayed by the Bonapartists and the men of the revolution whom he had trusted, he felt that he could trust them no more, and that he must of necessity employ and have near his person none but royalists and decided Bourbonists; and this party, composed of returned emigrants, of men who had lost in the Revolution nearly everything but their ancient names, who had suffered the extremities of humiliation, and of whom many had undergone even the extremities of privation in foreign lands, was indisposed to a repetition of the experiment which had

been tried with such signal ill-success the preceding year, and inclined to look upon this second restoration as a harvest of compensation on one side and of vengeance on the other. They were men, they were Frenchmen; and no French party or faction, when once let loose, had ever yet been either merciful or moderate. Yet even now, through the personal character of Louis XVIII., and through other influences, conspicuous among which were the recommendations of Talleyrand and the Duke of Wellington, the vengeance taken was almost miraculously moderate. In order to render their resistance the more desperate, Labédoyère and others had talked among the Bonapartists of an interminable list of proscriptions, of the guillotine *en permanence*, as in the Reign of Terror! Yet when the avenging royal ordinance was published (on the 24th of July) it was found to contain only fifty-seven names; and of these only nineteen were threatened with capital punishment or trial before a military tribunal. The first name on the black list was that of Ney; the second was that of Labédoyère. In the lighter part of the list were the names of Soult, Carnot, Vandamme, &c.; they were merely ordered to quit Paris within three days, and retire into the interior of France, to places to be indicated to them, where they were to remain under inspection until the chambers should decide which of them ought either to depart the kingdom or be delivered up to legal prosecution. It was explained that such of these individuals as should be condemned to exile should be allowed to sell their property in France, and freely carry the proceeds with them. Labédoyère and Ney were the only two that suffered death. For General Mallet's conspiracy alone the government of Bonaparte had, in 1812, put to death that more than half-insane general, two other general officers (Lahorie and Guidal), and eleven other officers of various grades. Fourteen military men, who had all fought and bled for the republic or for Bonaparte, were all pitilessly fusilled in the plain of Grenelle, for an insurrection which had lasted only five hours, and which had been put down with the greatest ease! These sanguinary acts were performed under the direction of Savary, Cambacérès, Real, and other Bonapartists of that quality; and the party generally, who afterwards made heaven and earth ring with their lamentations for the deaths of Labédoyère and Ney, applauded what was done, as the quick and energetic action of a strong government (*une forte administration*).

Both money and passports had been sent to Labédoyère, but, instead of quitting the country, which it appears he might easily have done, he remained with the army behind the Loire as long as he could, and he then came back to Paris, in disguise, and with projects which perhaps have not yet been fully explained. At a moment when the emigrants and the royalists of all classes were dreading some fresh conspiracy, and were calling upon Louis XVIII. and his government for vigorous measures, Labédoyère was arrested in the capital, and, in conformity with the ordinance of the 24th July, was handed over to a *conseil de guerre*, or court-martial. The court willingly and readily tried him, without once referring to the convention or capitulation of Paris, which if good for Ney was good for Labédoyère; and, as the facts of the case were all capable of being proved by hundreds and thousands of witnesses, as the prisoner himself confessed them all, and had no extenuating circumstances to plead except that other and more powerful officers were more guilty than he, and that nearly the whole army was in the conspiracy, the court condemned him to be shot as a traitor; and he was shot on the evening of the 19th of August, the order for his execution being signed by Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr.

Marshal Ney had fled in disguise, and with a passport bearing a false name, on the 6th of July, two days after the ratification of the convention or capitulation of Paris, and one day before the troops of the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher entered that city. He had nothing to fear either from the British or from the Prussian general; but Louis XVIII. and his exasperated court was then close to Paris, and Ney evidently fled because he feared their vengeance and felt convinced that Wellington and Blücher had no right to interfere, even if disposed so to do, and that the convention of Paris gave him (Ney) no protection, and no claim whatever upon any of the parties who had signed the said convention. If such had not been his convictions could Ney have condescended to fly like a felon? Would he have resorted to measures which would have gone far to deprive him of his claim upon the convention if such a claim had in reality existed? And could he have taken these steps without the advice of knowing, expert men—of members of the provisional government who had concluded the convention, and who well knew that the case of Marshal Ney was not provided for in that agreement, and that the Duke of Wellington, in showing Louis XVIII.'s declaration, that he reserved to himself the right of bringing some of the chief conspirators and traitors to condign punishment, had told the five commissioners of the provisional government that he (the duke) had nothing to say on that head, meaning that his silence should be taken for the confession that he had no right, power, or faculty whatsoever

* These summary proceedings were accompanied by many horrible, and by some disgusting, circumstances. They ought not to be forgotten, but preserved and remembered as fair specimens of worse proceedings, and as proof of the propriety with which the fallen and effete Bonapartists could fill Europe with their clamours about the deaths of Ney and Labédoyère. Mallet, who was more than half crazed, had rendered important services to Bonaparte and to Marshal Massena in Italy. He had been dismissed the service on suspicion of republicanism, had afterwards been seized by Bonaparte's secret police, and, without any trial, had been detained for several years either in a state-prison, or in a *Maison de Santé*, under the strictest surveillance. His accomplices, Generals Lahorie and Guidal, had undergone the same fate, and were only liberated from their long imprisonment in La Force, at Paris, by the momentary success of the conspiracy. General Lahorie, once the bosom friend of Moreau and of Carnot, had favoured and patronized Savary at a time when Bonaparte could do nothing for him, and had obtained promotion for this heartless villain, who directed the military tribunal, and who would not hear of mercy. Lahorie's body was literally covered with wounds and scars, received in the great campaigns of the republic. Others bore the same marks. The plot, the overthrow of it, the seizure, the trial, and execution of the conspirators, were all comprised within the narrow space of twenty-four hours. Bonaparte's court-martial, or military tribunals, never allowed either mercy or delay. Some of the members of the present court were sharply handled by Mallet, who well knew that his death, at least, was inevitable, and who had made up his mind to die. The president of the court, General Dejean, asked him who were his accomplices? "All France, and you yourself, Dejean, would have been my accomplices, if I had been successful," replied Mallet. Soulier, one of his actual accomplices, an old *chef de bataillon*, who had been battered in many campaigns, but who still clung to life, exclaimed several times before that bloody tribunal, "Gentlemen, have mercy! have pity upon us! We are all old officers, riddled with balls! and we are all fathers of families!" The slaughter on the plain of Grenelle was frightful. Though pierced by several bullets, Mallet was found alive when the firing had ceased; and so the soldiers finished their work by thrusting their bayonets into him.

to interfere with the determination of Louis XVIII., or to stay proceedings either against Ney or against any other man in the same predicament. Now, as the peculiarly aggravating circumstances of Ney's treason were known to all Paris, there was nobody in that capital but felt that the vengeance of the laws would be especially directed against him; and to all who knew what had passed between the Duke of Wellington and the five commissioners on the 29th of June, six days before the convention was ratified, and nine days before the allies entered Paris, the duke's silence upon the avenging clause in the royal declaration must have been a warning to men like Ney and Labedoyere to get out of the way and to quit France as speedily as might be. We have seen, upon the evidence of the Duke of Wellington's dispatch to his own government, that the five commissioners sent out to his grace by the provisional government at Paris, over which the heartless and astutious Fouché presided, appear to have said or to have thought very little about the matter, that is, about the clause in Louis XVIII.'s declaration which threatened the chief conspirators, &c. As soon as the capitulation of Paris was signed Ney obtained the false passport from Fouché. He did not take his departure immediately; but he was urged so to do by all his friends, and by all who disliked bloodshed and military executions. Talleyrand urged him to fly, and when he did fly, on the 6th of July, Fouché advised him to get into Switzerland as quickly as possible; and it appears to have been Talleyrand who facilitated his retreat to that country by inducing Count Bubna, who commanded the Austrian army which stretched along the frontiers of Switzerland and along the valley of the Rhone, as far as the city of Lyons, to countersign Ney's fictitious passport. Talleyrand and Fouché may, indeed, have been anxious to get Marshal Ney out of the country, from motives very distinct from those of humanity and compassion; but these motives will by no means prove that they believed Ney to be protected by the convention of Paris.

Why Ney, after his flight from Paris, did not get beyond the frontiers is still open to discussion and to doubt. Many ardent royalists were in search of him, and at last a volunteer of this class, one M. Locard, who was prefect of police of the department, but who had received no commission from the Bourbon government, discovered and seized the marshal in an obscure *auberge*, or public-house, in the Cantal, the southernmost and wildest part of old Auvergne, and one of the very wildest and most mountainous regions in France—a region of extinct volcanoes. He was immediately brought up to Paris, and there examined secretly by Louis XVIII.'s prefect of police, according to the unchanged and unchangeable French fashion. He is reported to have spoken as if his vision and brain were still affected by the powder and smoke of Waterloo—to have exclaimed, "Ah! that fatal day (meaning the 13th of March, the day of his defection)! I lost my head! I was dragged into it, and could not help it." The Bourbon ministry deliberated several days whether Ney should be tried by the Chamber of Peers or by a court-martial; but at last they decided that, as his name had been struck out of the list of peers since his flight and since the ordinance of the 24th of July, he should be tried by a *conseil de guerre* (court-martial). Marshal Moncey, who was named president of the court, as the oldest of the marshals, refused either to preside or to be present at the trial; upon which Marshal Jourdan, the vanquished at Vittoria, was named president, and Marshals Massena, Augereau, Mortier, and Generals Gazan, Claparede, and Villatte, and the Maréchal-de-camp Grundler were appointed to be members of the court-martial. But Ney's advocates and defenders insisted that this tribunal, that this court-martial, was incompetent to try their client at all, and that Ney, having been a peer at the time of his defection and alleged treason, could be tried only by the Chamber of Peers. The marshals were but too glad to be relieved from the odium of the trial and from all responsibility, and it was decided by the majority that the court was not competent to proceed with the trial. This was on the 9th of November. On the 11th the Duke of Richelieu, president of the council and minister for foreign affairs, presented to the Chamber of Peers the act of accusation and the royal ordinance (signed by all the ministers now in office) ordering them to try Ney for high treason, &c. The Chamber of Peers, without demur, proceeded immediately with the trial, and on the 6th of December, by a majority of 138 against 22, returned a verdict of *GUILTY—DEATH*: and of the very small minority not one voted for a verdict of Not Guilty; seventeen of the peers recommended transportation (*la déportation*) instead of the capital punishment, and five of them declining to vote at all. Madame Ney waited upon the Duke of Wellington to quote the convention to him, and to demand his interference—not as a favour but as a right—to prove to him that he was bound in honour, and by his own act, to protect her husband. She says, that the Duke replied that he had nothing to do with the government of the King of France, and that it was not in his power to stop its justice; and, if Wellington said so, he said what was perfectly true. The government of Louis XVIII. had been entirely changed in the month of September, and Talleyrand, with whom Wellington had at times consulted on internal French affairs, as being the only wise man in the country, and the most moderate, was no longer in office and was no longer consulted by the king. It was Talleyrand and the Duke of Wellington who had stopped many contemplated measures of severity, and who had greatly reduced the list of proscription. Madame Ney applied also to the ambassadors of other nations resident in Paris, but without any effect. Ney himself wrote to the Duke of Wellington, but in the same sense in which his wife had spoken to his grace. Madame Ney then made matters still more hopeless by publishing a defective and incorrect account of the conversation which she had with the duke. In consequence of this publication, which set forward in the eyes of the whole world the twelfth article of the convention of Paris as binding the British and Prussian commanders-in-chief to protect Ney, the Duke of Wellington drew up a memorandum on the 19th of November, which was communicated to the ministers of the allied powers, and afterwards published. We can only refer to this convincing document, which French historians of the present schools will never quote, as setting the question of the plea set up for Ney, under the convention, at rest for ever, in so far, at least, as regards the discussion of it by reasoning and facts, and not by passion and mere declamation and invective.

The sentence on the marshal was pronounced at half-past eleven o'clock of the night of the 6th of December. At midnight, a council was held at the Tuileries. The Duke of Richelieu, who may be considered as the real chief of this cabinet, had said, "Who dares to take any interest in the fate of Ney?" Some of Richelieu's colleagues, however, are said to have ventured to recommend a reprieve, and transportation to America, but timidly and doubtfully. It is added that this proposition was made to the king himself about an hour after midnight, and that his majesty would not listen to it for one moment. It was resolved to hasten the execution, as the government had been induced to suspect that there was a desperate plot on foot for releasing the marshal, and for making an *émeute*, or insurrection in the faubourgs. Ney, however, was not conducted to his place of execution by the light of a lantern, as the Duc d'Enghien had been. The sun was getting high in the heavens, it was nine

o'clock in the morning, when Ney was brought out of his prison, to be conducted to the spot selected for his execution—the broad, open, and public gardens of the Luxembourg Palace, towards the Observatory. He was carried in a hackney-coach through the populous streets and quays of Paris, but there was no commotion, no *beau désespoir*. The faubourg people cared little about "the bravest of the brave;" the Bonapartists, and the other men who sympathised with him, were kept in awe by the foreign troops, and by the French troops that wore the white cockade; and the execution of Marshal Ney passed off as quietly as that of Palm at Nuremberg, as that of Hofer at Mantua, or as any other state-execution had done, when Bonaparte's army gave the law, and suppressed the expression of public feeling by the display of their strength. At the Luxembourg Ney found a small detachment of gendarmes and two platoons of veterans waiting for him. He was shot by one of these veteran platoons; he fell pierced with twelve bullets, three of them in the head, and he died instantly, and without a struggle. The public funds, which had been fluctuating, rose as soon as it was known that he was dead. He left behind him, in France, many men who had done more to merit death; but this will not prove that his treason had been unjustly punished.

Pictorial History of England.

KOHL'S TRAVELS IN SCOTLAND.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

The far-famed Inches of Perth did not fail to excite our traveller's attention:—

I had already heard a great deal of the famous Inches of Perth, the North Inch and the South Inch. By this name are called two small flat pieces of land, lying along the river Tay, one to the north, the other to the south of the town, which probably are frequently overflowed. "Those inches are glorious, sir," the people had often remarked to me; "they are wonderful, cannot be beaten anywhere, and we have no grounds for sports or races in Scotland to be compared with them." I could have well understood the praise of a fine mountain; but I was indeed curious to see what could make people so enthusiastic in talking of a mere flat piece of ground. On our arrival in Perth we heard a great uproar, and as we found that the people were all streaming out at the gate to witness a merry scene on the North Inch, we allowed ourselves to be hurried along in the throng, in order to get a look at the place so much talked of. The exciting cause was the clown of a company of rope-dancers, who was about to descend the beautiful river in a little boat drawn by four geese, harnessed to it. The company were going to give an entertainment in the evening, and they wanted to get up an excitement for their benefit. Such a flourish of trumpets must necessarily precede every undertaking in England; even in the best and greatest cause, one must first "get up an excitement." The means for so doing were this time well chosen, especially for an English public, which loves the comic better than any other public whatsoever; and the clown would doubtless not have excited half so much interest had he announced that he was about to fly through the air, drawn by peacocks, like Juno, or by doves, like Venus, as by sitting in his fool's habiliments, in a washing-tub drawn by four cackling geese. * * * The whole North Inch was covered with human beings. I looked down from the beautiful Taybridge which soars high over the river at the commencement of the meadow and comprehended at once and perfectly (especially when I reflected on the passion of the British for field sports), the praise which I had heard lavished upon the Inches. Near every one of their towns, the English have appropriated one or two flat spaces for their different games, cricket, ball, races, and the like, which are patronized zealously by the inhabitants, just as we Germans are anxious, before everything else, to secure in each of our towns one or two beautiful spots for coffee and music gardens. These spots are frequently compared with each other by amateurs and lovers of these spots, and in some of them so many favouring circumstances and peculiar advantages are united, that they have obtained a great name and fame in the English sporting world. So, as we have before said, the Curragh of Kildare is the most famous race-course in Ireland, and so these Inches of Perth are the most renowned spot for sports in all Scotland. The ground is completely level, and, notwithstanding its low situation, comparatively dry.

Mr. Kohl was led, we suppose by the contemplation of the Inches of Perth and such like places, to study the various games common in Scotland, such as Curling and Golf. The latter was taught him in miniature by an enthusiastic player, and Mr. Kohl gives the following amusing account of the instruction thus afforded:—

"Sir," said his instructor, "the great enjoyment in the game is the emulous excitement of the contending parties, their zeal, their cleverness, and their efforts. Then the grand thing is to study the different positions of the ball, the various difficulties in the way of striking it, for the player must strike it as it lies, and overcome them all with one clever stroke. Look here, just come here! You want to learn how to manage the thing? I'm glad of it, I'll show you all. Now here are some of the balls which we use. They are made of strong leather. It is of some importance what kind of leather you employ; but I will tell you all about that afterwards. * * * But this you can see best at one of the ball-makers to the Edinburgh Clubs. If you return to Edinburgh you must not delay a visit to one of them. Go to Messrs. W. and S. Gourlay, the ball-makers to the Bruntsfield Links Club: they are very obliging people, and will show you the whole process. However, look here for the present. The leather of the ball must afterwards be striped with different layers of white colours. * * * But Messrs. Gourlay will explain to you the why and the wherefore, better than I can. Here we have too much to do!—Ah! Mary, do shut the door! The gentleman wishes to learn how to play at Golf, and the children make such a noise that I can scarcely hear myself speak. (I must here remark, that I was with my friend in his house; Mary was his wife,—and I am not writing a scene of a novel, but putting down facts and persons just as appeared.) Well, so much for the balls; now you must make acquaintance with the things we strike with, the clubs, or the "kolbes" (!) as we Scotchmen call them. (I remarked, by the way, to my friend, that we had the same word in German, which pleased him immensely and whereupon he ventured the suggestion that the word Golf was merely a corruption of Kolbe.) Look here, here's a host of them. You see they all approach more or less to one type, although they differ a little from each other. Each of them consists of a stick, from three to four feet in length, with a somewhat bent top, which we call a knob. I can draw the figure of one with a stroke or two on this slip of paper, that you may not forget the shape; here it is; this looks simple enough, but good heavens! it is no easy matter to make the thing aright; the knob must have just the exact curve, must neither be too heavy nor too light, and the stick must combine great strength with a certain degree of elasticity. The wood of which the sticks are formed must be selected with great judgment. The stick is loaded inside with lead, and on the back of it, to increase its strength, a plate of thick horn must be fixed. I have, as you see, got ivory on mine, on account of its greater elegance. I love the game, am used to my kolbes, and

therefore do not mind spending a little more to have them as perfect as possible. The stick itself must be wound round strongly with silk at the handle. I have had mine wound round with velvet and gold thread, for ornament's sake; one's hand would slip on the smooth wood. Now pray look at the different shapes of my kolbes; some of them are mere thick knobs, these are used when the ball lies on plain level ground; some are rather more like spoons, hollowed more or less, to get the ball out of a cleft or any other hole; one must strike it at the same time cleverly, so as not only lift it out, but to send it farther on; some, as you see, are shorter, and have a thicker top, and some of them are made entirely of iron. These last are used when a strong stroke is required, as when the ball lies buried in sand and the like; they have all different names, but however, I will give you the address of the best kolbe maker in Edinburgh—Mr. D. Macewan, who makes the kolbes for the club which I have already named to you; don't neglect to go to him, as soon as you get to Edinburgh; he can also tell you a good deal about the rules of the game." Here I interrupted my friend with a question:—"If a little loose stone lies before my ball, is it allowed by the laws of golf, to push it aside?" "Well, that is a fair question! In a case like this there are various opinions and customs. Some clubs allow it; others have a strict rule that everything should remain as it is found. The laws of some clubs allow that when the ball has fallen into a hole from which it is impossible to extricate it with the kolbe, the player may take it out with his hand, throw it perpendicularly into the air, and strike it as it falls, of course under certain limitations: other clubs are stricter; but now come here, come here (I had been all the time by his side), now I'll show you the game as well as one can in a room by candle-light. Ah! what a pity! could you not stay a couple of days longer? I would invite some friends to-morrow, and we would go out to the North Inch, and there make up a game for you; but you are hurrying to our Highlands? Well, we must make a virtue of necessity; but when you return to Edinburgh, don't forget to go at once to Musselburgh; there you will find splendid players, and if you stop a day or two, you are sure to see a good game. On the Links of Leith, too, you may see good golfing, and on the Links of Edinburgh also, as well as on the Green at Glasgow, but our Inches of Perth beat every other ground hollow. Here, take a club in your hand; I will take one too, and imagine that we are two parties playing; each side may consist of as many as we please. Each player has a lad running behind him with his different kolbes, from which he picks out the one he wants for the stroke: now just suppose that this room is the Links of Leith or the Inches of Perth. This shall be the hole (he marked one with a piece of bread-crumbs; but stay, the chairs and tables are in our way—Mary, call in the boys; here young ones! move away the tables, chairs, and sofa." "Oh! pray do not put yourself to so much trouble." "Oh, don't mention it." We cleared the whole room—the doors of the next room were thrown open, and we had a pretty long space, which was all lighted with candles. "Well now, do you strike straight in the direction of the hole; but we must do everything in miniature here, and give only a gentle blow." The real explanation, after all, began here; but, I must confess, it ended almost at the beginning. My first ball fell in the ashes of the fire-place, and was there in a very critical position; my friend called on me to suppose that the ashes were a sand heap on the ground, and that the pieces of turf lying about were boulder stones; and he had so many remarks on this supposed case; what circumstances, whether advantageous or otherwise, were connected with it; with what club I had better fetch out the ball; whether I had a right to move the ashes aside, and under what restrictions; whether I had better comply with these restrictions, or take my chance of a hit, and his explanations were so crammed with expressions peculiar to Scotland and the game of golf, as "tee," "holing," "caddy," "putters," and such like words, the meaning of which I could not make out, that in his zeal he became quite warm, and the perspiration stood on his forehead. I, however, was as much in the dark as ever. I at last ceased from any farther inquiries, conceded to my friend, that the game was not by any means as simple as I had fancied, and we both sank down, weary and fagged, on the sofa, which the children had in the meanwhile replaced. In conclusion, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, he insisted on giving me letters of introduction to famous Scotch golfers, and a good deal of information with respect to works from which I could learn the game thoroughly.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

Narrated by the late Capt. Peregrine Reynolds, R.N., to his old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. W. S. Harvey, Professor of Moral Philosophy in — College.

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ARRANGED, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS, BY THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL.

CHAP. V.

—Take hence this Jack and whip him,

Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy.—SHAKESPEARE.

I almost regret, my dear Harvey, that I condemned myself to the task of describing the revolting scenes which erewhile have disgraced the noble service in which I have so long been engaged;—and my regret arises, partly, because the greater portion of those scenes are now discouraged, and partly because I gave vent to the threat in a moment of excitement. The practices against which I inveigh are, however, not yet legally done away, although the instances of their application are now practically abolished; and I would gladly contribute my mite of assistance to hold them up to the reprobation they deserve. I shall therefore, as briefly as I can, give you a description of this barbarous punishment, and then endeavour to call up more cheerful "Recollections" for your amusement and reflection.

The punishment of "Flogging through the Fleet," is intended as a merciful (!!) commutation of the mortal punishment, with which the Articles of War are so plentifully strewed. Capital offences, in fact, make up about two thirds of the number recapitulated in that truly sanguinary code. The greater number of these, it must be confessed, are winked at; and the minor punishment, which I described in my last, is resorted to, instead of the incongruous practice of bringing the accused to a court-martial, and its consequence that of stringing up or of flaying alive by wholesale. Such offences, however, as are of a graver nature, and that really do militate against the discipline and subordination which are so essential to the well-being of the service itself and of all that are connected with it, are brought, together with the offender, under the cognizance of that dignified and powerful court.

I need not describe to you how such a court is conducted as to its forms; but I may here assure you in perfect sincerity and conviction that, although it is an arbitrary one, its decisions are dictated by principles of the nicest honor and integrity. It is very rare that the prejudices or the passions of an individual

overcome his sense of justice. The commander of a British man-of-war considers himself so far removed, for the time, from the unfortunate person who is the subject of enquiry, that he would think himself disgraced by implicating his private feelings in the discussion; and his sense of honor is as keenly alive at such a moment, as it would be amidst the combined fire and smoke of his own cannon and that of an enemy. I may truly say,—for I have sat on many, and seen more, of naval courts-martial,—that the officer whose misfortune it is to sit in judgment upon an alleged offender, throws his individual bias, or his prejudices, to an infinite distance;—or if any one member should so far forget the responsible and honorable position in which he is placed, as to permit the indulgence of any particular leaning, such conduct is vigilantly watched, and zealously corrected by the great majority of the court. It is not the conduct of the judges, but the sanguinary nature of the punishments, and the slavish adherence to antiquated and barbarous customs, that form the ground of my animadversions. In the courts-martial at which a noble and gallant British Admiral (Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent) either presided, formed one of the court, or influenced the temper, the extreme letter of the law was inflexibly enforced; and the capital punishment was inflicted with so much rigour and in such frequency, that it became the universal theme of remark both in the service and throughout the British empire. It even robbed punishment itself of the salutary effects for which, only, punishments ought to be inflicted, through the familiarity to the eyes and minds of men, which ensued from the multiplicity of cases. Whilst adverting to this, it is fair, however, to the reputation of the gallant officer alluded to, to say, that his severity was not the result of a vindictive, cruel, or sanguinary spirit. His whole public life has been devoted to the reformation of the service, of which he was a distinguished ornament; and his exertions have been directed to it in every department, for the improvement of the fleet was followed by most important reforms in the Dock yards. In the latter he found abuses of a most grievous nature, robberies carried on with shameless publicity by nearly all grades of persons connected therewith, and irregularities deeply injurious both to the service and to the revenue of the country. He attempted to put these down, at once, and with a strong hand. In this he was wrong, his tactics on this matter were not so correct as those in managing a sea-fight; for, abuses of a long standing, and which have become sanctified—if we may so pervert the term—by time, must be eradicated almost as gradually as they were introduced. By not keeping this in view, he rendered himself extremely unpopular, although he certainly did awaken a permanent attention to the state of naval discipline and comforts, and was the prime mover of the present excellent system of management in the Royal Dock-yards. But I am wandering from my point.

In the service generally, it had been received as an understood fact, that the punishment I am about to describe was a commutation and a relaxation from the rigor of the penalty, in cases wherein the article states that the offender "shall suffer death, or such other punishment as a general court-martial shall award;" and, according to the enormity of the offence, in the eyes of the court; such award varies from about one hundred to perhaps four hundred lashes, to be inflicted on the culprit in equal portions alongside of each ship or vessel of war that should be then at the anchorage. Bear with me, I beseech you, whilst I describe this revolting scene. I promise you shall not have any more such;—but I would fain hope that these words shall not fall like drops of rain in the desert, but on the contrary become a theme on which your able philosophy may dwell, and your kind philanthropy kindle, so that mankind may derive advantage from reflecting on such a state of things.

On the appointed morning, a launch—which is a boat of burthen belonging to each vessel of war—is rigged to be the place of this horrid punishment. This rigging consists in disposing handspikes in the form of a tressel, to the top or cross one of which the unhappy man is tied fast by the hands, his arms being partially extended. A floor is made in the bottom of the boat, for the convenience of the operator of this cruel sentence; it is commonly composed of the hatchway gratings of the ship. In the bow of the boat is seated a drummer, whose duty it is to beat a point of service commonly called "the Rogue's march;" in the stern sit three officers, namely, a lieutenant, a surgeon, and the provost-martial—the last-named being commonly the master-at-arms of the ship to which the offender belongs; in the boat are also two files of marines under arms; and the punishment boat is attended by two other boats containing marines who are likewise under arms.

The punishment is begun by inflicting the given quota of lashes upon the back of the culprit, alongside the ship in which he serves; every officer, man, and boy, of the vessel—the disabled sick only excepted—must be on deck to witness it, and the boatswain of the ship, or one of his mates, descending into the launch to perform the hateful task. When the unfortunate wretch has received the proportion of punishment at his own ship, a boat belonging to that vessel takes the launch in tow, and rows to the next in turn;—a cloth, meanwhile, being thrown over the back of the culprit, whose disgraces throughout this dreadful punishment are forced upon him not only by the excruciating sense of feeling, and of sight, but also by that of hearing, through the medium of that hateful drum which is beaten without cessation almost close to his ear. From ship to ship he is towed, again and again he has to endure all that I have described, his agonies increasing in intensity as the barbarity proceeds. At length—he faints. Nature can no more! The surgeon steps up to him, administers cold water, feels his pulse, orders him to be untied, administers reviving medicines. Why! Is it in mercy? Alas, no! It is only to recover him so far as to enable him to bear the farther completion of his punishment. It proceeds. Again perhaps and again he is thus barbarously recovered. If he be a very robust man, the strokes of the worse than murderous instrument at last fall harmless; extremity of torture has finally rendered him insensible of pain, though the laceration of his wretched person is still going on; and he gets through the whole of the detestable sentence. He is brought on board of his own ship again, and placed in the surgeon's hands for recovery. He does gradually recover in bodily health, so far at least as to return to his ordinary duties, but, for the remainder of his days he is broken in constitution, broken in spirits, degraded, lost, and he soon sinks into the condition "where the weary are at rest."

This is appalling, but how much more so is it when the wretched culprit is not a robust man. This latter in all probability sinks into a state of insensibility, into a complete collapse of all vigor, from which he cannot at the time be recovered; the surgeon interferes, and through his report the completion of the sentence is suspended. Suspended, not remitted! It is never remitted, although perhaps it may never be completed, but it hangs, "in terror," over the head of the unhappy man, who thus has the contemplation of possibly a half or two thirds of this awful infliction ever before him, to be showered upon him when he may hereafter offend. But there is nothing salutary to his conduct in this reflection. The blow is struck; he, like the other, sinks under the combined influence of bodily suffering and mental disgrace;—he dies, or he deserts. Life is almost always a burthen to the wretch who has gone through the fleet.

It is a greatly mistaken notion, although it is of pretty general acceptance, that the inward feelings of the common mariner are callous, and that he is only to be kept in proper discipline by strong authority and the fear of punishment. Never was there a greater error in the estimation of character, than this. Because he bears without shrinking all the fury of the blast, all the drenching of the surge, all the danger of the tempest, all the horrors of the war; because he complains not of cold, though in tatters, because the recollection of dangers past does not destroy or diminish his happiness present, nor deter from prospective danger in future; because he patiently submits to necessary privation in food, and obeys implicitly the orders of his superior, he is ignorantly reckoned among the creatures of burthen, and calculated upon as a mere instrument to be employed to the extent of his capabilities. Never was there so egregious a miscalculation than such a false estimate of the hardy sailor. It is the very bravery of his soul that enables him thus to act and to endure, it is the very manliness of his heart which will not permit him to exhibit symptoms or feelings unworthy of the manly character. His husk is rough, his manners are uncouth; the former because he is weather-beaten, and the latter for lack of education and refined society; but who shall say that Jack is fickle in his attachments, cold or superficial in friendship, or ever backward at the call of humanity? It is a calumny upon a noble class to describe it as debased, save that among individuals of this as well as of others who deem themselves more elevated, there are to be found such as give way to temptations to which the seaman far more than any other is daily exposed. I know, for I have both seen and experienced, that Jack has acute perceptions of good government and of the discreet exercise of authority; he has always some comical but affectionate cognomen to distinguish a brave, smart, useful officer, however strict he may be, and he will follow such a man to death if need be. He does not like a persecuting, troublesome martinet, who is a continual annoyance with regard to matters altogether useless; yet he submits to the infliction patiently, as he would to the buzzing of flies, and humbly takes his revenge by an appropriate nick-name of the tormentor. Under the rough husk, there is an invaluable core, and those who think that he can only be ruled by flagellation, those who consider him as a mere unreflecting animal, a mere machine, to be urged by external application, have never seen the man-of-war seaman, and know not how to study him. Talk to him of sentiment, and he will tell you that "there is not such a rope in the ship," but apply practically to the discovery of his feelings, and they will presently be found. The honor of his country, of his commander, of his shipmates, and of himself, are all very precious in his eyes, and the name of his favourite ship is hallowed by him as greatly as that of a tutelary saint to a religious votary.

It is now very long since I witnessed the vile punishment above-described, and I thank heaven that I now but very rarely even hear of it. It is a proof to me, that we are beginning to emerge from the barbarous and unthinking condition in which we have so long been plunged. I say *unthinking*,—for who, with ordinary reflection and any right knowledge of human nature, but must be aware of the inadequacy of such treatment to produce beneficial results? It cannot but rankle in the minds of men. The culprit has their warmest commiseration, and the judges have their silent but deep curses and imprecations. It generates bad passions and dark purposes in minds formerly simple and honest. I have had occasion to know, from my earliest associations with the navy, that while the sufferer meets with the tenderest attentions in the power of rough seamen to bestow, these have been accompanied by the consolations that "if ever they meet such-a-one ashore, they will have bloody satisfaction;" and this has been sometimes more than an empty threat.

Now I affirm, my dear Harvey, that I have given you faithfully the general character of the man-of-war's man; and, if this be so, can any be so bold and pertinacious as to persist in the opinion that such spirits are only to be ruled by coercion?—But let me shew a more cheerful view, for in truth, what I have written produces in me melancholy and indignation combined.

With all this, Jack is the most placable of human kind, and the readiest to forget evil the moment it is out of sight;—he is a mere kitten in playfulness, and gives and takes jokes—all of which are practical—with the greatest good humour. You may, yet with difficulty perhaps, understand that paradox, of men becoming merry upon compulsion, yet the problem is daily solved in the fleet. On the very evening of the punishment which I described in my former paper, the boatswain piped "all hands to mischief, ahoy." You will scarcely be able to imagine the celerity with which the call was obeyed, nor the variety of monkeys' tricks which were performed by these sons of the ocean. The boys were flying about, up and down the rigging in every direction, each endeavouring to perform feats of greater dexterity or hardihood than his fellows; and if a greenhorn chanced to be among them, he was sure, before the close of the sports, to be placed in some ridiculous predicament, from which he was not relieved, except upon the penalty of his *grog*;—perhaps for two days, perhaps for a week.

Among other standing jokes of a man-of-war's crew, is the following, and it is one for which they have an uncommon relish, Jack and his mates are enacting the parts of tailors, being all seated cross-legged round a tarpaulin, which they affect to be stitching, with great gravity, whilst one, the master for the nonce, is dealing forth directions to his people, and telling lying adventures, to which Munchausen is an infant's prattle. On a sudden there is heard the cry of "a goose! a goose!"—In all probability it is an unfortunate marine, between which corps and the blue jackets, a petty but good-natured warfare is continually carried on.—All spring up at the cry—they seize him—drag him to the altar of their sacrifices—and maugre all his entreaties, his oaths, his threats,—they immolate him at the shrine of the deity of naval tailors. In other words, they toss him up in the tarpaulin, even as Sancho of yore was tossed in the blanket. If he bear it well, and be forgiving, they swear he is a good fellow, "for a lobster,"—offer him the right hand of fellowship, and even allow him the honour to join the community of tailors.—If, on the contrary, he sulk, or threaten, he is a lost man; never will the tailors sit in solemn assembly without an exhibition of his caprices, when, the higher he vaults, and the louder he roars, the greater is the mirth of the relentless operators, and the longer will he sprawl his limbs and contort his visage.

At times the vagary takes another turn, particularly when there are new and green hands on board. Instead of tailors, they are now ship-builders, and a vessel is to be launched this very tide. The old and experienced in the trade immediately become the masters and foremen in the business; and with great formality they begin to lay the ship's ways upon the booms, with handspikes;—they get the largest wash-deck tubs in the ship, and place them on the edge of the launch, which I have already described as the largest boat of burthen in the ship,—they pretend to build with great expedition,—the inexperienced people draw water in abundance, all of which is handed up to the shipwrights, and is disposed of by them in the prosecution of their task; the strangers meanwhile have an itching curiosity to see the process, but cannot be allowed the privilege; they are consoled however with the promise that they will be

greatly surprised when she floats. At length the vessel is ready for launching, ropes are passed down to the main deck, for the purpose of giving her way; these are eagerly seized by the strangers, who are all anxious to understand the nature of the ship-launch; the pipe is heard to order "haul away," and down comes an absolute ocean on the heads of the luckless launchers. To escape is out of their power,—the hatches are battened down, the passage aft towards the half-deck, is stopped up; the tide overwhelms them, for when the tubs are emptied, they are followed by successive bucketsful, until the whole stock of water is exhausted, which the unfortunate wights had with such industry accumulated. The old simile of a "drowned rat" is hardly a type of their condition; and the remorseless peals of laughter which are set up on all sides, whilst it assures them that commiseration is out of the question, is at last their adviser, that to laugh also, as soon as they can recover breath for the purpose, is the best thing they can do.

Jack has now had his joke;—he labored hard to perfect it,—it was the enjoyment of little more than a single instant,—he cheerfully sets to work to repair the mischief he has done, by washing and swabbing up the decks, an operation which takes him seven times as long as the building and launching his ship; and thus he performs an important office of cleanliness without being aware of it, for the duty of washing decks is one which above all others he dislikes. Thus do the animal spirits of these men, at all times increasing towards an overflow, find an occasional vent which they never neglect to use, and the remembrance of each set of exploits serves them to talk about, and to laugh at, till the turn come round again.

But of all of the man-of-war's man's recreations his greatest delight is that of dancing. Is there a fiddler on board?—He is the darling of every mess, the honored of every soul. The ruin of such a fellow is inevitable, for play he must, and if he will not go to the different messes, why—they will come to him. Any one will part with his grog to the fiddler; the consequence is, that he is half drunk every morning, and quite so every night; yet some of those vagabonds are such creatures of habit, that I have even seen one propped up between two men to keep him from falling, whilst they were laughing at the utmost stretch of their lungs; his eyes shut, and his mouth open, but playing away to the entire satisfaction and admiration of the surrounding multitude;—nay, it was even the theme of laudatory surprise, a matter of wonderment, and fully demonstrative of his extraordinary skill, that he could play so beautifully even when he was—dead drunk. The philosophy of it is, my dear Harvey, that the fiddler in a man-of-war is another outlet to the exuberance of the animal spirits; and the irregularities of the fiddler are winked at, *very hard*, and the fellow himself is sacrificed, or rather made a scapegoat, on account of the service he unconsciously renders, in keeping the minds of so many men from cankerous reflection, and from the frequent considerations of the discipline to which they are necessarily subjected.

But it would be doing honest Jack less than justice, to describe his fiddling and omit his own dancing. The different classes of animals are often distinguished by their peculiarities of habit;—thus the ox is called a ruminating animal, man in general is humorously but truly called a laughing animal, and the sailor in particular is assuredly a saltatory animal. Never creature on this subliminary sphere more nearly arrived at the height of enjoyment, than does the tar when dancing. He feels the sting of pleasure not only in his feet, but in his head, his heart, and at his very fingers' ends. The hands are frequently turned up, "to dance," on a fine evening when the ship is at anchor; and then every fiddle and fife in the ship is in requisition. The dance is commonly either a "Pas de Deux,"—in his language a jig,—or a reel of three persons. Then come the double shuffle, the heel and toe, "over the buckle," the snap of the fingers, the bobbing of the head, the delighted "whoop," with all the contortions, distortions, and comic gestures, which the absolute ebullition of delight casts up. It is a perfect intoxication of the senses, leading to a contest of who shall move his limbs with the greatest agility, and stand it out the longest; and this contest is not only against each other, but against the nautical Orpheus himself, who has been actually known to be "out at elbows" before the saltator would yield a shuffle.

As a contrast to this scene of happiness, there is a duty of daily recurrence, of acknowledged utility and comfort to the crew, but which neither reflection nor habit can reconcile to the notions of the seaman;—it is the cleansing, or rather the *mode* of cleansing, the decks every morning, and which is commonly called dragging the "holy stone." Every morning watch, at two bells, which means five o'clock, A. M., the officers in some ships, and the men in all, take off their shoes and stockings, preparatory to the lustration and ablution. The decks are wetted by throwing buckets of water all over them; they are then sprinkled with sand, and scrubbed by means of large flat stones, of about 150lbs. weight each; to each stone is fixed two ropes or lanyards, long enough for four or six men on each side to drag, and the stone is pulled backwards and forwards over the sanded decks with great velocity; also into every corner,—until they are scoured perfectly clean; the sand is then carefully washed and swept off, the decks swabbed up, and in an hour or two after, they are perfectly white, and neat almost beyond imagination. But this takes up nearly three hours of every morning, the ship's company performing it in alternate watches, and as they do not reason very deeply, concerning the prevention of disease and the advantage of cool decks and clean feet, they are apt to consider this duty a hardship, and they curse the "holy stone" most sincerely.

All these things, however, whether of a painful or a pleasurable nature, were of minor consideration, compared with grievances and vexations occasioned by the generally improper discipline and management of the fleet; a series of evils existed at the time it was my hap to enter the navy, which had already begun to rankle in men's minds, and which it was afterwards my lot to see rise and increase, till they produced a terrible explosion. The arbitrary and despotic authority of every class of officer, from the boatswain's mate to the commander of the vessel, the airs and insolence of a parcel of unwhipt boy-midshipmen, the badness of provisions, the rapacity of pursers, the prolonged delay of payments, the want of surgeons, and, as regarded the condition of the seamen,

"All the thousand various ills
Which one incessant struggle render life;
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,

were gradually effervescing, and it required no very great degree of foresight to perceive that the state of affairs would gradually boil up till it cast its scum and purified itself. This it did grandly and effectually, and at the proper time I will give you the account of it,—at present, with your leave, I will return to the most important personage on record, at least in the opinion of ninety-nine in every hundred, videlicet, I, by myself.

We continued to cruise in the north seas until the middle of August, always picking up some addition to the crew, until at length the ship was most unwholesomely full, and it was evident that she must either return to port and dis-

gorge a part of her prey, or disease would take the matter into his own fell hands, and relieve us after a more serious fashion. The probabilities being at length considered at an end, we shaped our course for the Nore, where we arrived towards the end of August.

THE CELEBRATED SURGEON DUPUYTREN.

Guillaume Dupuytren, the most renowned surgeon of his age, the most vilified during his life, and the most regretted after his death, the most favoured by fortune, and the constant object of envy, though unhappy, was born of parents in a very low rank of life at Pierre Buffiere, October 6th, 1777. As a child he was so good-looking, so intelligent, and always apparently so neglected by his family, that he was twice taken from them; first, at the age of four, by a rich lady, a traveller, who took a violent fancy for his pretty patois and his glossy locks; and afterwards, in his twelfth year, by a cavalry officer, whose brother was superior of the college of Lamarche in Paris. In that institution he received the first rudiments of his education, both general and professional. But though he pursued his medical studies with zeal and success, he cut but a sorry figure in his humanities, and he acquired the character of a refractory subject, a rake and a gambler, a character which was perseveringly attributed to him in after life, when in all probability he had ceased to deserve it.

He had the good fortune to secure, early in his career, the strenuous support of two powerful patrons, Thourct, member of the constituent assembly, and the celebrated surgeon, Boyer. When Dupuytren was defeated in a competition with M. Roux, in 1803, for the place of junior surgeon to the Hôtel Dieu, Boyer covered his retreat by appointing him inspector of the university. Malicious tongues gave out that the favour was not disinterested, that the place was given in lieu of a dowry to the intended son-in-law of the donor. Be this as it may, the day before the marriage should have taken place, Dupuytren formally rescinded the engagement.

The professorship of operative surgery having become vacant in 1812, a brilliant *concours* took place between Roux, Marjolin, Tactra, and Dupuytren, who, on this occasion, was successful. The victory was hotly contested; the emulation of the rivals degenerated into personal rancour; they openly insulted and defied each other, and cartels were even exchanged between them. Dupuytren, who composed slowly and with difficulty, was unable to deliver in his thesis at the appointed time. His competitors demanded that he should retire from the contest, and he ought in fact to have been put out of the lists in accordance with the terms of the regulations. But his publisher came forward like a *deus ex machina*, and with an eye at once to business and to his country's glory, he parried this terrible stroke of ill-fortune. The delay, he said, was altogether the fault of the printers, and he made a number of compositors swear, that an accident had happened after the types had been set, and that one of the forms had broken up. It was to this unscrupulous piece of complaisance that Dupuytren owed a place essential to his high fortune.

Dupuytren was rather above the middle height, his complexion was dark, and his large bushy head sat rigidly on a pair of broad shoulders. His stern and overbearing glance would have made a pirate cower: it is certain he owed many an enemy to the expression of his eyes, and that his scornful and provoking smile increased the number. His voice was sometimes gentle and affectionate, but always guarded and mysterious, as though he feared to wake a sleeping infant, or to rouse the ire of a tyrant. His hesitation proceeded from no defect in his ideas or want of reliance on his own resources, but from distrust of other men: he looked on all men as malevolent critics or mortal enemies. When he entered a room, large or small, public or private, he invariably put his left hand to his mouth, and gnawed his nails to the quick; the right hand was free to perform whatever gestures the occasion might require. When he spoke, he always addressed himself exclusively to a small portion of those around him; those who were thus honoured, listened with gratified vanity, and the rest from emulation.

Arriving at the Hôtel Dieu at six in the morning, he seldom left it before eleven. His stern and reserved demeanour imposed the strictest order and silence on all around him. The least breach of decorum or of duty on the part of any pupil, was instantly visited by him with signal and public contumely. On visiting a patient for the first time, he began by casting on him a scrutinizing glance, and then he usually put three questions in a kindly tone of voice. But if the answers were not to his liking, the colloquy was at once broken off, and Dupuytren left the patient in a passion, and with a full conviction that all he had heard was a tissue of falsehoods. On accosting a sick child, an instantaneous change took place in his whole aspect and manner. His influence over children was magical. He had such a winning way of saying to them, "*Souffrez vous, mon bon ami?*" that the poor little things, for fear of distressing him, almost always answered, "No." Any one who should have seen him playing in the large halls of his hospital with his little convalescents, would have thought him the kindest-hearted man in the world.

Antoine Dubois operated more rapidly and with more dexterity than Dupuytren; Dessault was more brilliant, more majestic; Boyer, more prudent, gentle, and humane; Roux, more erudite in his art, more elegant in his movements, more nimble-fingered; Marjolin was a man of more mature reflection; Lastranc was as stern, and more expeditious; but no surgeon possessed a more unflinching *coup d'œil*, a sounder judgment, or a firmer hand; no one possessed a mind more imperturbable, or more prompt in perilous emergencies. It has happened to him to commit blunders; he has been known to open an aneurism, mistaking it for an abscess: his coolness and presence of mind on such occasions was incomparable. Putting his finger on the open artery, and smiling in the patient's face to beguile his attention, or to re-assure him, he looked round with a countenance almost serene on the spectators, and then quietly said to his assistants, "A bandage,"—whilst looks of stupefaction were stealthily interchanged all round him.

"One day, a patient from whose neck he was cutting out a wen, fell dead under the knife: a vein had been opened, and the air drawn into it by the act of inspiration had suddenly paralysed the heart. Well, it will be supposed, perhaps, that Dupuytren was shocked and agitated by this catastrophe: he was less affected by it than myself, who was but a spectator. But seeing in this fatal event a surgical fact until then unknown, he immediately harangued his pupils on the causes of the startling accident they had just witnessed, and the extemporaneous lecture was, indeed, an admirable one.

"Let us not, however, charge on Dupuytren as a crime that gift of impassibility which made him the first surgeon of his age. Without that force of mind, without that disregard for blood, without that profound indifference for pain and its noisy manifestations, there can be no true surgeon. I am even inclined to believe, that the revolution of '92 produced in some of our great surgeons that impassable serenity to which they owed their renown and their fortune. Times of sedition and popular terror are not merely fruitful in atrocities; they impart to certain souls a cold energy, and an habitual disregard of danger. Revolu-

tions bring forth first-rate surgeons, as well as intrepid soldiers and eloquent orators: now, we must recollect that Dupuytren arrived in Paris, in 1789."

With all Dupuytren's excellence as a surgeon, much of his skill appears to have been a personal and incommunicable endowment which perished with him. He read little, wrote ill, and was the author of few important innovations in his art. His life was unhappy; he was the mark of incessant calumny, for which his morose temperament afforded cause and aliment; and he was so unfortunate in his domestic relations, that the sufferings they occasioned hastened his end. He died in Paris, Feb. 8, 1835, in his fifty-eighth year, leaving his daughter a fortune of seven millions of francs, the fruits of his professional labours, in addition to two millions he had given her when she married:—this was tolerably well for a man who was reported all his life long to be a desperate gambler.

Foreign Quarterly.

EXTRAORDINARY DEFENCE OF KAHAN.

From "Reminiscences of Biluchi and Brahui Campaigns in Upper Sindh and Cutch during the years 1839 and 1840.—By CAPT. POSTANS, Bombay Army."

* * * The hill tribes of Murrees and Boogies were still independent of the Shah's authority, or at least had made only verbal acknowledgements of his supremacy, avoiding the question of payment of tribute, or of admitting any fiscal arrangements for its collection. It was accordingly considered necessary, in furtherance of a general plan, to occupy the Murree stronghold, and to bring that powerful clan to subjection, by locating a body of troops at Kahan, in the very heart of an inaccessible country to any but light troops. The extraordinary ingenuity of the artillery officer who accompanied the former parties, alone enabled him to surmount the difficulties with his guns, and then totally unopposed.

The detachment destined for this memorable and desperate duty marched during the month of May, 1840, consisting of two guns, about 300 rank and file of the 5th Native Infantry, with a party of Sindh irregular horse; the latter commanded by Lieut. C—, and the whole under Capt. B—, of the former regiment. The heat at this season of the year was fearful, and the sufferings of the troops in toiling over the desert and through the rocky defiles to Kahan, very great. The march, however, was effected without opposition, or appearance of an enemy, and on arrival at the fort, it was found completely deserted. Additional commissariat supplies had now to be forwarded up to Kahan, for the country scarcely yielded forage for the cattle, and for this purpose detachments were sent as escorts; the first, commanded by Lieut. C—, consisted of his party of horse, and about 150 of the 5th. On arrival at the first halting place for water, he sent back to the fort a native officer's party of about 80 men of the above, who had accompanied him as an additional escort over the most dangerous ground, and proposed to proceed with the rest to the plains. He had not halted to refresh himself long, however, ere parties of the enemy shewed themselves on the adjoining heights; this led to some desultory skirmishing, and the Murrees increasing rapidly in numbers, C— (the only officer present) formed up his small party, and prepared to resist an attack. This was soon made and in overwhelming numbers; but so long as the Sepoys' ammunition lasted, the enemy kept at a respectful distance, well secured behind the rocks, whence they continued a murderous fire. To retreat was neither possible, or at all consistent with C—'s notions of his duty; but unfortunately the cartridges began to fail, for native troops are proverbially lavish of their fire. A bugler was dispatched to the rear for a supply; the enemy watched their opportunity, and rushing in upon the now almost defenceless handful of men, cut them to pieces. The few horsemen effected their escape to the plains, and the whole of the camels fell into the enemy's hands. Thus perished as fine a young soldier and noble fellow as ever adorned the profession of arms,—the victim to overwhelming odds, disdaining, though warned of danger, to turn his back upon it.

The tragedy of that day, however, was not completed; the native officer's party alluded to as returning to Kahan, was surprised,—how, was never, I believe, exactly learnt, though probably through want of ammunition; and with the exception of one water-carrier, or bheestie, (who alone escaped to tell the tale,) completely destroyed! Thus, in one day, were one officer, and nearly 150 men, of a party of only about 300 of a regiment, cut to pieces! The Murrees had now shown their teeth with a vengeance, and it was evident that the Kahan detachment was in the greatest jeopardy. The season was too late to reinforce it; the country and climate defied the movement of troops from Sukkur in sufficient strength to ensure success. Further supplies could not be sent, and the gallant band in the Murree hills were therefore unavoidably left to their own resources, cut off from all communication, in the heart of an enemy's country, eighty-five miles from the nearest post, where thousands of a blood-thirsty and implacable enemy were using unceasing efforts for their destruction, with an inadequately defended post, and barely four months provisions; but the sterling value of that calm courage and perseverance, which rises superior to all dangers, and is only brought out against desperate situations, was never more forcibly exemplified than here; and for the defence of an outpost against apparent impossibilities, that of Kahan may bear the test of comparison with any yet recorded. Capt. B—, with two European officers who formed his subordinates, lost no time in preparing to meet the worst, at the same time infusing that energy and confidence in his men, which is the best guarantee for ultimate success. His first care was to place his guns in a commanding position, and by aid of expedients enable them to traverse the surrounding plain, (Kahan fortunately was situated in a level, and commanded a considerable distance of the surrounding country,) to clear out the well, which had been choked, to repair the rude fortification, and barricade the gate, to sink palisades, and erect an inner mud wall, so that if the outer were forced, the enemy should yet be baffled. All these, and many other precautions, were speedily perfected, and thus a defiance offered to the whole of their enemies by this gallant band. The great difficulty was to provide forage and water for the gun bullocks and cattle, being only procurable from a river distant about one mile from the fort, behind the steep banks of which an enemy could always lie concealed.

Without detailing the every-day stirring events of this beleaguered party, during a period of four months, the particulars of the whole proceedings being moreover published in a journal by Capt. B—, for the sake of the curiosity they excited in the army at the time, suffice it to say, that Doda Khan, the Murree Chief, with the whole of his tribe, were never ceasing in their attempts to regain their fort, but unsuccessfully. The Kahan detachment not only held its own in spite of all the efforts of the enemy, and even captured flocks of cattle in the teeth of the Murree tribe, for its maintenance. Cossids or messengers, for high rewards, trod the most unfrequented paths, and brought intelligence of what was going on.

Various devices were started on the part of the military authorities, to throw in supplies and create a diversion. One of the latter was strikingly characteristic of the utter faithlessness of Biluchis or Affghans. The Kakurs, who commanded the Bolan Pass, and who were avowed and deadly enemies of the

Murrees, offered to attack them and relieve Kahan; but even whilst the negotiations were pending, news arrived of an outbreak at Quetta, and that the Kakhurs, instead of attacking the Murrees, had attacked us! So much for trusting to your friends. Sickness and hunger, however, began to threaten the Kahan detachment; the supplies were only capable of lasting on half rations until August; and the water of the hills, or the confined space of the fort, had affected the poor Sepoys, and produced fever and blains, the latter of a very virulent kind, peculiar to the country. It was therefore necessary that the earliest possible arrangements should be made at Sukkur to reinforce or bring away the party at Kahan, their situation becoming every moment more critical, and less capable of support.

Accordingly, on the 12th of August, a period of the year when the heat of Upper Sindh and Cutch, though somewhat abated of its intolerant fierceness, is yet quite unbearable to European troops in the field, a force composed of 400 bayonets and 3 guns, left the above station, and were afterwards reinforced by 200 bayonets and 200 irregular horse,—all native troops, escorting a convoy of about 1000 camels, and 600 bullocks, laden with two months' supply of commissariat stores. Up to the morning of the 31st of the same month, the march had proceeded satisfactorily, and without opposition or interruption: they were by that time in the very heart of the enemy's country, at the foot of a tremendous pass, known as that of Nufisk, which had to be carried before the plain of Kahan could be reached. At this point the Murrees were posted in great strength, evidently determined to oppose to the utmost the further progress of the troops, having erected *Sunguts*, or temporary though strong works of stones, and filled up with masses of rock and otherwise destroyed, the only foot-path which led to the desired crowning point. The advanced guard reached the foot of this pass by about ten a.m., having accomplished a distance of only six miles in twelve hours, owing to the almost impracticable nature of the road, and the difficulty of proceeding with such an interminable line of convoy. By two p.m. only had the rear-guard closed up; though long ere this, to the utter dismay of all, the place was found, contrary to all the reports of the guides, to be totally deficient in water! Thus, under a scorching sun, hemmed in by rocks, and threatened by an insatiable foe, were our poor fellows maddened with thirst, and in no very fit state, after a weary march of twenty hours, to oppose an enemy so strongly posted. Those only who have experienced the maddening effects of intolerable heat and suffocating thirst, in such a climate, can appreciate the fearful situation of this detachment. But to retreat was impossible; the pass in front must be gained, as the only means of extrication from total destruction. The rear-guard having formed up, immediate arrangements were made for the attack, by placing the guns in position to cover a storming party, composed of the left flank companies of the 1st and 2nd Grenadier Regiments of Native Infantry, to be supported by the remainder of the troops in two divisions. The storming party was admirably led by Capt. R., of the 1st Regt., followed by two Subalterns, Lieut. F. and Ensign M., of the 2nd. The road was destroyed, and there was scarcely footing for a single file of men to proceed abreast. The small but gallant forlorn hope had just reached the crest of the hill, when the Murrees rose up in a dense mass, pouring in a destructive fire of matchlocks, hurling large stones, and dashing bodily on the troops with their swords. The storming party, insecure in their footing, and overwhelmed with such odds, was totally unable to withstand it, and was immediately driven in with immense loss of men, and all the officers. The remaining portion of the troops had barely time to form round the colours, ere the enemy, in number about five hundred, rushed on the regiment, in pursuit of the surviving portion of the attacking party, and a desperate action ensued. The enemy fought with the most desperate courage and determination, and were only repulsed by repeated rounds of grape, leaving about one-half their numbers dead and wounded in and around our ranks, and, but for the guns, and the admirable manner in which they were latterly served by the European officers, (for the artillerymen had become totally incapable of further exertion, through thirst and fatigue,) it is probable the whole force would have been completely annihilated.

Our loss in this trying and memorable affair consisted of 4 officers, and 175 of all ranks, killed, and 92, with 1 officer, badly wounded, whose names are almost unknown to fame, but who found soldiers' graves, and merited well of their country, in performance of an impracticable duty. Whatever may have been the state of the troops previous to the action, its condition afterwards became indescribable; the men were prostrated, and literally frantic with thirst. The enemy had been repulsed, it was true, but to move forward in such a state was impossible. The cattle were totally unable to proceed, and during the action the greater portion of the camel-drivers had deserted.

Previous to retreating it was absolutely necessary to refresh the horses. One of the guides, having previously promised to show where water for them might be procured at the distance of about a mile, and escorted, therefore, by a party of irregular horse, the gun-horses were sent off under this man's directions; but not appearing up to 10 p.m., it became evident that, to save the remainder of the troops from total destruction, the guns must be abandoned, and then, after spiking them, the remnant of the detachment proceeded to retrace their steps to the last halting-ground; but, ere reaching it, a fresh attack was made on the convoy, and the whole captured, without the possibility of even seeing the enemy who effected it. To have waited for the horses would have been useless; for the treacherous guide made them over to the Murrees, who massacred nearly the whole of those who had charge of them!! To sum up these disasters, the troops reached the plains, where another officer succumbed to the heat and fatigues of the march, and thus was consummated a mournful event, against which the most undaunted perseverance and courage had been displayed but in vain, leaving the survivors the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that, though the whole affair had elicited only an unhappy notoriety, they had, with those who had fallen, done their duty.

A striking instance of courage, and devotion to his officer, was displayed on this occasion by a trooper of the irregular horse. Lieut. L., the officer reported as badly wounded, was knocked down in endeavouring to ascend the pass, by a large stone hurled at his head by a stalwart Murree, who was preparing to finish his work by killing this prostrate enemy, but one of the Sindh horsemen interfered, cut down the Biluchi, and, dragging his master by the heels laid him, totally insensible as he was, under one of the guns, then in full action. By this means his life was saved. He afterwards, when the gallant Lieutenant was totally unable in the retreat to remount his horse, tied him behind his own, and thus brought him, at great personal risk, clear out of the hills!! For this heroic and praiseworthy conduct the worthy soldier was deservedly promoted, and decorated with a star of the order of British India.

The situation of the Kahan garrison was now considered totally hopeless, and imagination may possibly picture its state, within earshot of an action which they could well understand had resulted in a failure to assist those! But though

despair for their release had taken possession of those at a distance, the Commandant of this apparently doomed band flagged not, and effected by policy an escape from his perilous position. On its being announced to him by the military authorities that they had failed in relieving him, and could furnish no prospect of renewing the attempt, the means being totally wanting, and that he was, therefore, at liberty to make the best terms he could with the enemy for the evacuation of Kahan, and safe conduct of his party to the plains, Capt. B. proceeded to open negotiations; the Murrees having previously pitched a camp beyond range of his guns, with the tents captured from our troops, pointing the three spiked guns menacingly at the gate of the fortress! His first care was to impress the enemy with a belief that he was still well stocked with provisions, and in all respects as capable as ever of maintaining his position, but he represented that as it was not considered necessary to remain at Kahan any longer, he would quit it for the lower country, on condition of being permitted to do so unmolested, that the Murrees had lost a large number of their tribe and best men amongst their Chiefs in the late Nufusk affair, and he was not anxious to renew hostilities, but would on these conditions permit them to repossess their capital, and the stronghold of their tribe. The Murree Chief deputed an embassy to discuss these propositions; the messengers who communicated the overtures, being introduced into the fort, found everything in perfect order: the grain-bags were filled with sand, and provisions, therefore, appeared abundant, and the garrison in high spirits.

It was arranged on both sides, to prevent treachery, that a deputation of Chiefs should meet Capt. B. and his attendant officers, unarmed, at a distance from the fort, and otherwise alone, to settle a definite agreement; but it required a great deal of mutual confidence, and, on the part of the British Commandant, no slight degree of personal courage, to place himself thus completely in the power of these barbarians; but he did so unhesitatingly, and by this manly line of conduct inspired a high degree of respect, and even admiration, amongst them. Terms were concluded, and the Murrees proved themselves honourable and faithful to their engagements. A son of the Chief was sent, with a sufficient number of men, to assist the march; and Capt. B. evacuated Kahan without leaving even a musket behind him, though the few remaining bullocks and cattle were almost useless to drag the guns, and, but for the assistance the Biluchis themselves afforded, these last must have been abandoned: but to bring the gun away was with the British party a point of honour, and it was effected. The poor Sepoys, many of whom were in a dreadful state from weakness and confinement, were even placed by their late inveterate enemies on the horses of the latter, and the Murrees actually walked, supporting the flagging soldiers! Such an extraordinary and generous line of conduct would appear to prove, that we might originally, had we known the character of this tribe, and circumstances permitting it, have made them our friends instead of ruthless foes. Capt. B. thus effected an honourable retreat sustaining his own and country's character to the last, and by courage, perseverance, and right skilful diplomacy, saved the reputation and lives of all entrusted to his charge. He was most deservedly promoted to the brevet field rank, his distinguished services being publicly acknowledged at home and in India.

ADMIRAL DE WINTER'S SURRENDER.

BY JOSEPH ALLEN, ESQ.

There is a little episode connected with the glorious victory of Camperdown, which forms a very important feature in the events of the day, and yet, singularly enough, has been upon the brink of oblivion. The fact that Admiral De Winter was conveyed from his ship, the *Vryheid*, to the *Venerable*, by Lieut. Charles Richardson, in the jolly-boat belonging to the *Circe* frigate, of which he was First Lieutenant; and that the Dutch Admiral then delivered up his sword to Admiral Duncan, is well known; but it is not so well known that the event was brought about by the foresight of the officer above named, and that but for his precaution and suggestion, the Dutch Admiral would in all probability have escaped capture.

The manner in which the incident was restored to light, after having slept nearly half a century, is this; a gentleman of the legal profession, in the course of conversation respecting the battle of Camperdown, related the following, which he afterwards committed to paper:—

"My father was largely engaged in business as a ship-broker, and was employed in some matters connected with that occupation on the arrival of the victorious fleet at Yarmouth, which he in consequence visited, and where he dined with Admiral De Winter, and, I think, Lord Duncan, as well as several of the Dutch officers, in the cabin of Lord Duncan's flag-ship. Before my father left town, he had seen a statement, that after De Winter's ship had struck, and, I think, in his passage to the *Venerable*, he fell overboard, but without suffering any material inconvenience. In the course of conversation at the dinner-table, my father asked Admiral De Winter some questions referring to this incident. The Admiral asked where my father had heard that he fell overboard; and he replied that he had seen it so stated in the London papers. The Admiral, with some surprise, turned to his own officers, fellow prisoners with him, and asked if they had heard of it, to which they all answered in the negative. De Winter said, 'Now this is strange; an accident is stated to have occurred to me after the engagement; none of my officers have heard of it, nor any of the British officers at the table; and this story is told in the London papers, and brought down here by a gentleman who read it there. And yet it is all true.'"

It is clear, that without some corroboration, this anecdote would have been received only as a mere tradition, and Admiral De Winter's ducking could not have been treated as a well-ascertained fact; but knowing, that the only officer who could, after this lapse of time, confirm and explain the circumstance was yet, happily, on the Navy List, a reference was made to him, and by his (Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Richardson, K.C.B.'s) kind permission, we now publish his narrative of all that occurred on the occasion.

"When the *Vryheid*'s masts went by the board, her position was, perhaps, two cables' lengths on the weather quarter of Admiral Duncan's flag ship, the *Venerable*. Both ships ceased firing; but the action continued both ahead and astern of them. I said to Captain Halket, 'If you have ever read the history of the Dutch wars, you will be aware, that De Winter will run all risks to get on board some other Dutch ship, as De Ruyter and other Dutch Admirals did formerly. It is evident, that the *Venerable* cannot have a boat that will swim, therefore, volunteer my services to take him out of his ship, before he can effect his escape, if you will give me the jolly-boat only.' He replied, 'If you can find volunteers you have my permission.'"

"In a minute the boat was lowered, and manned with four seamen and myself. There was too much sea to approach the *Vryheid* on the weather side, and a whole raft of masts and yards was under her lee. Leaving a boat-keeper

in the boat, and accompanied by the other three men, I scrambled over the wreck, and on reaching the quarter-deck found De Winter on his knees holding a square of sheet lead while a carpenter was nailing it over a shot hole in the bottom of a small punt about twelve feet in length, which was to have been launched for the Admiral's use and escape. Putting my hand upon his shoulder, and telling him he was my prisoner, I demanded his sword, and promised to conduct him to Admiral Duncan in a safer boat than that on which he was engaged.

"He said, 'This, my destiny, was not foreseen,' and, walking aft with me, he directed my attention to a small bureau which contained his public and private papers, and begged me to save it from being plundered. I promised him it should not be opened, and gave him to understand, that Admiral Duncan would ratify my promise. De Winter then took leave of a young officer (I believe his nephew) who was desperately wounded, and accompanied me to the gangway, the officers and crew making way for him, and many kneeling took their leave of him.

"To get into the boat we had to recross the raft of masts and spars alongside; and two of my boat's crew, one on each side, supported the Admiral. Notwithstanding the carefulness observed, however, De Winter stepped on a portion of the maintopmast, about the centre of the spar; but from its having no rigging attached to it, it turned round, and the Admiral disappeared. Whilst expecting his rising, I observed the crown of his head lifting some canvas, which was lying over the raft, and a sailor in a moment slit the sail with his knife, and we had the happiness to save our gallant prisoner's life.

"In rowing towards the Venerable, De Winter expressed a wish that I should restore him his sword, in order that he might personally deliver it to Admiral Duncan, saying, at the same time, 'I hope to have the honour of presenting you with one more valuable.' I complied, and he had his desire gratified. The above may be looked upon as a long and tedious yarn, but such as it is, I vouch for its truth."

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY, ENTITLED

"THE SACRIFICE OF THE NILE."

BY ROBERT WILLIAM HUME.

THE AIDS OF TIME.

Meroth—Think you that age,
Alone, brings on our end! That years alone
May stamp our brows with wrinkles! No, Arbaces,
There are more powerful agents far than those.
The heart-sick weariness of hope-deferred,
Wracks in an hour, more than whole days of toil;
The labour of the overstrained mind outwears,
In minutes, her frail habitation, more
Than months of meaner care. The shocks of fate,
In moments often do the work of years.

A CENSORIOUS SPIRIT REPROVED.

Socrates—Were man to judge,
And arbitrate between himself and heaven,—
Of all creation he would be the scoff,
And, in his misery, return the boon,
Nor wish it once again. But whilst the Gods
May punish man's misdeeds, 'tis not for us
To shun the guilty;—much less strive to hurl
The ever-dreaded bolt of mighty Jove.
No,—we should rather those console, on whom
Its fury lights—those, who as criminals
Have suffered that which we ourselves deserve.
'Tis heaven's to punish, but 'tis man's to pity.

REFLECTIONS ON THE VISIONARY HOPES OF THE YOUTH "CALMAR."

Meroth—Yes! There he wanders by the cedar grove,
His favourite haunt. In meditation deep,
Perchance on some imagined paradise,
Created new by spangled fancy's power,
More beautiful and frail than "woman's love,"
And lighter than "a poet's extacy."
Such are the visions, and the hopes, of Youth,
Which, like the silver planet of the night,
Tinges with its own beauty all the scenes
Its rays delusive reach. Ah! trust them not—
Their garish tinsel gilding but deceives;
That peerless sky will soon be overcast
With sorrow's clouds—and grief's soul-withering gloom,—
The glittering landscape fade, and nought be found
But herbless wastes, and wildernesses dire.
Wake from thy trance, fond youth! 'Tis all a charm,
A baseless shadow,—a delusive dream,—
A mockery of ne'er-performed hope—
Deceiving to betray.—More distant far
From life's stern truths and cold realities,
Than is, from the parched traveller's scorched lip,
The shining surface of the false mirage.

HOPELESS LOVE.

Zuleika—He will return no more—
No,—never more,—and I am desolate.
If I could see him once,—but once again,—
That we might part in peace. That I might steal
And miser-like hoard in my memory
His last, last glance of love. That I might hear
Again, that voice, so full of harmony,
Of heavenly melody—that music's self
Ceased with its silver tones, and charms no more
This weary sated ear. That I might feel
The thrilling pressure of that hand, whose touch
Entranced my frame, and filled my soul with love.
Can he be gone! Are these delights a dream!
Oh, that I had not seen his noble form,
Nor sunk beneath the magic of his eye.
What do I say! Ingrate! I would not part
With one fond look—one well-remembered vow—
Ah, no! They are my treasures, my delights,
My wealth, my all.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN "WISDOM" AND "KNOWLEDGE."

Socrates—True wisdom's always based on virtue's rock.

He who, endowed with genius or with lore,
Who, "like an eagle 'mongst the meaner birds,"
Outstrips his fellows, is not always wise
He may abuse his powers—pervert their aim,
And where he should confer upon his kind
The choicest blessing—only leave a curse.
He is not wise, he knowledge may possess;
But wisdom is its application "right."

A FEW PASSAGES ON DREAMS.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FEBERS."

The physiology of dreams has puzzled the most profound inquirers, who, after devising all manner of ingenious conjectures, have left the subject just where they found it. "We know not," say a late writer, speaking of dreams, "the cause of their operation, neither can we, metaphysically speaking, understand the state of our mind whilst under their influence." Macrobius, Lucretius, Democritus, and other ancients; and Wolfius, Locke, Hartley, Baxter, &c. of the moderns, have speculated in vain—one theory having been uniformly upset by another. Physics are fairly baffled and confounded in the investigation; and psychology is forced to acknowledge in dreams a mystery beyond her solution.

"Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!"

Some noble guesses have nevertheless been made; among others, that life itself is but a dream, dimly and feebly heralding the realities to come.

But it is not so much in reference to the causes and general nature of dreams, as to their supposed power of divination, that we desire to say a few words about them in the present pages. "We know pretty well now," says Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, "that dreams which used to pass for predictions, are imperfect recollections;" and the oneirocritics themselves, when baffled in their attempts to establish any *similitude* between the "auguries" of sleep and subsequent facts, turn about, and vindicate the prophetic character of dreams by *dissimilitude* and *contrariety*. Thus, they are certain to be right one way or the other. That many remarkable and well-attested dreams have been reconcilable to after events, is beyond question—night-visions and night-promptings which could not be accounted for by any theory of connexion of ideas, or "imperfect recollections," or revival of associations utterly forgotten by the waking senses. On the contrary, *new images* have been evolved in slumber, either pointing towards future events, or conveying awful warnings against unsuspected dangers, or suggesting remedies for evils long endured; and numerous are the cases wherein results have justified the apparent augury. Almost every person has had some such experience. Credulity, therefore, is seldom at a loss for food. The present writer's dreams have more than once seemed like a magic mirror, in which either things to come, or facts which had happened at a distance, were clearly portrayed; yet does he not believe in the supernatural character of nocturnal suggestions, nor, in the remotest degree, heed them as guides; for, not to mention the thousands of dreams whose supposed foreshowings have never been fulfilled, and which, consequently, are not recorded, the doctrine of coincidence alone is sufficient to explain occasional similitudes. Consider. This world is made up of thoughts and events. The thinking faculty of man is almost perpetually at work: his brain teems with images, conjectures, projects, anticipations, hopes; and even sleep does not always arrest the discursiveness of his ideas. Then, in the material world, every moment both of day and night gives birth to some actual event, either of weal or woe; and the wonder is, not that in this hurried crowd of facts and fancies some few, which bear affinity to each other, should meet and jostle, but that this coincidence should not occur oftener than it does. This may account for spectral illusions prefiguring death, as well as for remarkable dreams which "come to pass," even when neither one nor the other can be referred to certain pre-occupied states of mind, or posture of circumstances, or train of ideas naturally leading to the peculiar dream or phantasm. Of the latter character (namely, that which depends on a previous train of ideas) is the following vision of Sir Christopher Wren, on which Dr. Millingen has philosophically commented, snatching a choice morsel from the appetite of lovers of the marvellous.

"It is related of Sir Christopher Wren, that, when at Paris in 1671, being disordered with 'a pain in his reins,' he sent for a physician, who prescribed blood-letting; but he deferred submitting to it, and dreamed that very night that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit offered dates to him. The next day he sent for dates, which cured him. Now, although this cure brought about by a dream, was considered wonderful, its circumstances offer nothing supernatural. It is more than probable that Sir Christopher had frequently read in foreign works on medicine, that dates were recommended as an efficacious remedy in nephritic complaints; and moreover had met in his daily perambulations female quacks, who exhibit themselves to this day in the French metropolis, fantastically attired, and vending their far-famed nostrums. That he should have remembered dates, and that the phantasm of the she-mountebank might at the same time have struck his fancy, were two associations by no means improbable."—*Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

The dream of Marcus Antonius, which Plutarch relates with seeming wonderment, is unconsciously accounted for even in the very narration. Octavius Caesar and Antonius had quarrelled; they could neither of them "bear a brother near the throne;" their respective power could not co-exist; and Antony had threatened to send Octavius to prison. "This young Caesar, seeing his doings, went unto Cicero and others, which were Antonius' enemies, and by them crept into favour with the senate; and he himself sought the people's good will every manner of way, gathering together the old soldiers of the late deceased Caesar. Antonius being afraid of this, talked with Octavius in the capitol, and they were apparently reconciled. But the very same night Antonius had a strange dream, who thought that lightning fell upon him, and burnt his right hand. Shortly after, word was brought him that Octavius lay in wait to kill him. Caesar cleared himself unto him, and told him there was no such matter; but he could not make Antonius believe the contrary. Whereupon they became further enemies than ever."—(*North's Plutarch*.) Of course: Antony knew well enough, by the state of things, without the interposition of his dream, that the truce between him and Octavius was a hollow and dangerous one.

The following dream, which the writer had many years ago, though worthy of note, is capable of explanation, without the slightest reference to supernatural agency.

He and a friend lived in a mercantile house, wherein large sums were kept

in gold and bank notes. This money was deposited every evening by him and this friend in an iron closet, standing in an underground stone room. One night, he dreamed that his companion and superior was missing at a usual hour of meeting: inquiry was made everywhere, but no trace could be found of the absentee. Conjectures of the most alarming description arose in the dreamer's mind; until at last a horrible fear smote him that, while taking the money to the safe, he had closed the door on his friend. He immediately (in his dream) rushed to the stone room, heard some faint groans there, unlocked the iron closet, and drawing open its ponderous door, beheld him of whom he was in search crushed in that fatal enclosure and dying. The terror of the sight awakened him; he started from his pillow, and heard plainly enough a succession of dismal groans close at hand. He and his friend slept in a double-bedded room. He instantly rushed to the sufferer's side, who feebly ejaculated, "I am very ill. I feared my groans would not wake you, and I could not call. I am racked with horrible spasms. My breath seems going. I shall be suffocated. Get me something, for God's sake!"—The writer had heard that burnt brandy was useful in such attacks; and having procured some, administered it, and relief was obtained. His friend has often said, that had it not been for the assistance thus given, he believes he should have died. Now, in this instance it is plain that the dream was occasioned by the groans imperfectly heard in sleep; and there is nothing wonderful in the dreamer connecting those groans with a familiar friend and constant companion—one for whom he entertained, and still entertains a strong affection.

The writer recollects another dream, which was nearly coincident with fact. He dreamt that he went from London, on a visit to his uncle, in Wiltshire, and having arrived at the house, found all the family assembled, except one of his female cousins. On inquiry, he was told, that though she was ill, and in her own room, he might go thither and see her. When he entered the apartment, she held up her hand, and burst into tears; and he perceived that her thumb was dreadfully shattered. "Look here!" sobbed she. "See what has befallen me! I was taking down one of my father's fowling-pieces, which had long hung over the parlour fireplace. It was loaded, and rusty, and burst when I touched it, mangling my thumb as you now see." This dream made a strong impression on the writer; and happening to go on the following day to a female relation in London, who was related in the same degree to his cousin, he asked if she had heard lately from Wiltshire. Being answered in the affirmative, he inquired if all friends there were well. "Yes," replied his relative; "but poor E—— has been in some danger, through all is now over. She hurt her thumb with a thorn, and the wound at one time was so malignant, that it was feared amputation of the joint might become necessary. Owing, however, to youth, and a good constitution, she has perfectly recovered." Now, had the writer been of an over-credulous disposition, he might have ascribed this dream, which was nearly realized, to supernatural interposition. But why should such interposition have taken place? What good could have resulted from it? No; the dream was natural enough, as connected with the house of a country gentleman who, being addicted to sports of the field, would have fowling-pieces about his premises; and that it should be so nearly allied to a foregone fact, was nothing more than one of the coincidences already indicated.

But what is to be said of those innumerable dreams that *do not*, as the phrase is, "come true"? Such, among others, are the supposed revelations which used to be made in sleep to superstitious people of certain numbers in the lottery, and which tempted them in spite of repeated failures, to buy tickets and be ruined. This, the sapient oneirocritics would call "justification by contrariety," or, in plain words, it is right because it is wrong. There is no grappling with a determined belief. A dream must either resemble a fact, or not; and in either case, it would be held by the old "diviners" to have a spiritual significance.

A gentleman of distinguished genius, with whom the present writer is acquainted, has related to him a series of dreams, or rather repetitions of one dream, which preceded an important event in his life. This gentleman was engaged to be married; and though the lady of his choice was a person of unquestionable respectability, he was haunted in his dreams by a phantasm of his dead father, who night after night pronounced solemn warnings against the meditated union. Of these visions in sleep, the constant occurrence was certainly very remarkable, and the dreamer, on awakening, used to comfort himself (after the perturbation which such awful councils could not fail to excite) by exclaiming, "Well, thank God, I am not married!" The wedding, nevertheless, eventually took place, and then the warning vision came no more. But, as predicted by the dream, the union, (without blame on either side) was inauspicious. Had the imagined monitory voice been obeyed, it would have secured the parties concerned from much subsequent discomfort.

This, at first view, might be taken for an undoubted instance of supernatural interposition, especially considering the nightly perseverance of the phantasm, and its total cessation when its warnings could no longer avail. As regards the pertinacious appearance, it should however, be remembered, that what makes a strong impression in dreams is almost sure to be repeated. One can imagine the nocturnal dismay of the sufferer, who well knew what would haunt him on falling into slumber—the apparition's unfailing steps ascending the stairs and entering the chamber at "the dead waist and middle of the night"—the unshunnable presence—the sounding of the oracular words—the terror of the dreamer; and then the final waking-resolution to exorcise the phantom by rendering its visitations useless. This, however, is the excitability of fancy. But—not to mention that the dreamer in question is "of imagination all compact," one who, in prose and poetry, has given the world many productions which "it will not willingly let die," and who therefore in his vocation would be likely, even during sleep, to "body forth the forms of things unknown"—it is certain that he himself was not without strong misgivings as to the eligibility of the connexion he was about to form; and that, pondering over the advice his father, had he been living, would probably have given him, our poet's sleep would very naturally be haunted by the image of his parent, and by ominous forebodings.

Another poet, Shelley, was a great dreamer, and at one time kept a record of his dreams; whether with a view to the so-called science of oneirocriticism, we know not.

WESTERN BARBARY.

Western Barbary: its Wild Tribes, and Savage Animals. By J. H. Drummond Hay, Esq. Murray.

Here is a fresh and pleasant volume,—we need not say cheap, seeing that it forms the ninth of Mr. Murray's Colonial and Home Library. It consists of notes made by the son of H. M. Consul-General at Tangier, on a journey into the interior; the object of which was to purchase for Her Majesty "a barb of the purest blood." Mr. Hay failed in his mission, but succeeded in collecting materials for an interesting work—as we hope to prove.

Every page contains its picture. The very departure from Tangier city may be hereafter stolen by way of opening for a romance:—

"As we passed through the *Sok Ssare* (the little market-place,) groups of tall Reefians, enveloped in their haiks or hooded gelab, the long mountain-dagger slung by their side, their heads bare and closely shaved, with the exception of a long lock hanging wildly on their shoulders, were resting on their *Agarzen* or Moorish hoes, waiting for hire; whilst every now and then there passed by with measured steps a Taleb (Moorish scribe,) returning from his matins in the great mosque, the living image of those who enlarged the borders of their garments, and loved greetings in the market-place." We passed the Upper Fountain, where black slaves were screaming and squabbling as to who should first fill their antique-looking jars; whilst the Jew, the slave of slaves, waited humbly until his acknowledged superiors of Islam were satisfied. As we reached the gates of the town, old Hamed Ben Khajjo, the porter, made his appearance. In one hand he carried a ponderous bunch of ancient-looking keys; in the other a rosary, which he continued to finger, muttering away, as he counted his beads, some of the ninety-nine epithets of the Deity—"O Giver of Good to all! O Creator!" And then another bead; and then a curse on the great-grandfathers of the crowd, who pressed upon him. The heavy half-rotten gates, covered in part with camel-skin, much of which had been devoutly cut off for charms or medicinal purposes, swung back groaning on their hinges, and we passed out."

Then come the characters engaged in the adventure. The road was over the hill of Baharein, or Two Seas; not easy to travel, but well beguiled with stories. Mr Hay, indeed, takes more than the usual allowance of "yarn" to every knot. Hardly has he reached the top of the mountain which commands a view of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic (whence its name), than he is encountered by Hadj Amar, armed with a peaceful bowl of Milk. Skipping the Hadj's story of Alee Boufrahee, the famous Barbary thief, we shall allow Mr. Hay to continue:—

"I interrupted our new acquaintance in his story, to point out to my Spanish friend some Moors thrashing corn. Mares with their colts tied abreast by the head or neck are used for this work. One man stands in the middle holding the reins, whilst another shouts and applies the whip or goad when necessary. Mules and donkeys are employed in bringing the sheaves. The country folk are dressed in light woolen shirts, their arms and legs bare; a red cap or small turban covers the head; their shoes are religiously left at the margin of the thrashing floor, it being regarded as holy ground by all the children of the East. I remarked that they carefully avoid making any calculation of the produce of their harvest, and are offended if you question them as to their expectations, checking you by the grave reply—"As God may please." There is a curious custom which seems to be a relic of their pagan masters, who made this and the adjoining regions of North Africa the main granary of their Latin empire. When the young corn has sprung up, which is done about the middle of February, the women of the villages make up the figure of a female, the size of a very large doll, which they dress in the gaudiest fashion they can contrive, covering it with ornaments in which all in the village contribute something; and they give it a tall peaked head-dress. This image they carry in procession round their fields, screaming and singing a peculiar ditty. The doll is borne by the foremost woman, who must yield it to any one who is quick enough to take the lead of her; which is the cause of much racing and squabbling. The men also have a similar custom, which they perform on horseback. They call the image *Mata*."

The following is a graphic description of his visit "to the house of a great man in this curious country:—

"Whilst our host was noting to my companions the names of the villages that are to be seen from a lattice, through which they were admiring the distant scene, I became impatient at a nomenclature which I had already by heart, and so moved sauntering away, peering about into sundry curious nooks and passages that form the strange distribution of a Moorish palace. At length, becoming somewhat alarmed at my own hardihood, I turned to rejoin the master of the house; when a door, through the chinks of which all my movements must have been watched, was thrown open, and out rushed the Houris, black, white, half-caste, fat, thin, old, and young! It was impossible for me to escape, and had I made a precipitate movement, I should have become liable to the worst of imputations; so I stood stock still, and was quickly arrested by the powerful paws of a jet-black dame, and then commenced a general scrutiny of my person. 'Look,' said one, 'I told you the Nazarenes had a mouth, and a nose, and ears, just like Mohamedans!' 'See,' said another, taking up my hand; 'one, two, three, four, five!—exactly the same number!' 'But what are these?' screamed a third, who had laid hold of the skirts of my coat; 'does he hide his tails here?' 'And he laughs, too!' they exclaimed. From this, indeed, I could no longer refrain, although I was becoming seriously uneasy, lest my absence should be discovered by the great man; for I was now in the midst of the most forbidden fruit, although it proved far inferior to what my fertile fancy had previously imagined. Indeed a less attractive posse of woman-kind I never beheld; for almost all these ladies were at a time of life when the fineness of the Moorish features had disappeared; and the only redeeming grace that remained to them, which is common indeed to all the white women of West Barbary, was the large gazelle eye. As to the admired *en bon point* of youth, it had been replaced by a gross fatness, which covered forms that were once perhaps of perfect symmetry. According to the taste of the Moor, a lady is in perfection when her charms are a load for a camel. One, however, of this motley circle deserved all my admiration as a Mauritania Venus. This was a delicate-looking girl; her age, I thought, was sweet fifteen—the prime of womanhood in this precocious country; for their beauty seems to fade with the teens. Her complexion was very fair, her eyes dark hazel, to which the black border of 'Kohol' gave a languid expression. She had a coral-tipped mouth, round as a ring, as the Moorish ode describes the feature. Her black hair, braided with silver cords, waved in profusion over her shoulders. Her sylph-like figure was clothed in a pale green caftan, embroidered on the bosom and skirt in silver thread. This garment reached a little below her knees, and over it she wore an outer robe of light gauze, confined around the waist by a red zone of Fez silk. The sleeves of her caftan were wide and open near the wrist; showing at every turn an arm like alabaster, which was encircled by a plain but massive bracelet of Soodan gold; and her uncovered legs were seen from below the caftan clasped with chased silver; her feet, as well as her hands, were dyed with henna of a bright orange color. Over her head she had thrown a light muslin kerchief, but in this sudden tumult her curiosity got the better of her national caution, and she stood before me quite unveiled. During the uproar occasioned by my intrusion, the youthful damsel was the only one silent; but now taking alarm from the noise of the rest, she half hid her pretty features, and cried in an anxious whisper, 'Hush! hush! hush! My father will hear; and then, oh! what will become of this young Christian?' 'What do we

care!" said a barrel of a woman, with eyes that rolled like gooseberries in a saucer, and whom I took to be the most favorite dame of this party-colored assemblage; for her dress far surpassed that of all the rest in costliness. "It was the Christian's fault for daring to—"

She could not finish her speech, for the gruff voice of their lord was heard. "What is that noise? Where's the other Nazarene?" And then his heavy step came tramping nearer and nearer. Off scampered all the surrounding spirits, black, white, and grey. The little damsel was the last to move, and evidently with less apprehension than the rest. Veiling closely all her features except one dear eye, she said to me, in a quick whisper, "Don't be afraid, Nazarene. Tell my father it was all our fault; he is very good-natured, and you are so young." I had by luck a rosebud at my breast. I answered by giving it to her with a thanking smile; and instantly she flew after her companions. "Ellec Haramy! Hillo, young rascal!" said the big man, as he laid hold of me by the collar; and I began to feel that my head was very insecure on my shoulders. "Kah, kah, kah!" and his fat sides shook with laughter; "So, boy! (my chin was yet smooth), you have been among my women, eh! Don't you know you deserve to die!" suiting the action to the word by drawing his hand across my throat. "Eh! trying to carry off my gazelles! Eh! you young Nazarene." Though frightened out of my wits, I had just enough to gasp out, "O my lord, if I have done any thing to displease you, attribute it to ignorance of your customs. In my country it is usual to pay our respects to the ladies in preference to everybody else." "Ah! deceiver," said he; "you Nazarenes have a pleasant time of it too. Kah, kah, kah! I must go to your country. Kah, kah! Yes, they speak true; they speak true when they say that your Paradise is on earth. Come along, young sir; I will show you the kitchen, where I have a black beauty in a cook; pay Christian attention to her, if you please. Kah, kah, kah!"

But we are loitering rather than making way. Our solitary chance, indeed, of discharging our duty, lies in ceasing to follow Mr. Hay step by step; and the utmost we shall be able to do this week is, to offer, by way of specimen, an illustration or two of Barbarian superstition; the first chiefly because it recalls to us a traveller who, though lost, is not forgotten.

A camel led through a country town in England; could not have excited more curiosity and astonishment, than the appearance of my Spanish friend and myself, in the wild village through which we were passing. At each door stood whole families gazing with amazement; whilst the younger children shrank in terror, at beholding such strange apparitions. One youth bolder than the rest, having approached our party, demanded of the Hadj what kind of beings we were. The Hadj, with a grave face, replied that we were *Jins*, or evil spirits, which he had caught and was conducting to Larache, to be shipped for the land of the Nazarene. Upon which the lad fled howling to his hut. I remember poor Davidson mentioning to me the general belief he had found prevalent amongst the Arabs in those parts of the Levant, which travellers seldom frequent, that the Frank is in league with devils, witches, and unearthly beings. He told me that, on more than one occasion, he had profited by such fancies, when his life had been in danger from the wild tribes among whom he had ventured. Davidson was bald, and wore at that time a toupet. A body of Arabs, having surrounded him, had commenced plundering his effects and threatened even his life; when suddenly Davidson, calling upon them to beware how they provoked the Christian's power, dashed his false hair to the ground, saying, "Behold my locks; your beards shall go next!" The Arabs fled, abandoning their plunder. On another occasion, when making some astronomical observations, he was so inconveniently pressed upon by a crowd of insolent Arabs, that he found it impossible to continue his operations; so, turning to them, he said, "O fools, seek ye destruction? Know the power of the Nazarene!" Then, beckoning one of the elders to approach, he told him to look through the sextant, whilst he, slowly moving the index, informed the barbarian that he would behold the sun to leave its course, and approach the earth. The Arab, pale with fright, after a momentary glance, threw himself on the ground and begged for mercy, beseeching Davidson that he would forthwith leave their land, and have compassion upon their herds and crops, upon which he felt convinced that the Nazarene had the power to inflict murrain and blight.

We are not precisely reconciled to this mode of managing a wild people, even in a land like this, rife with "pernaps and spells." Whatever may happen at the present juncture, for the sake of the future, the Magic of Truth is the thing which should alone be resorted to. But the tourist or resident in Morocco must have strong nerves, as he may be called upon to encounter strange playfellows in his morning walks.

"Shortly after we had passed the Sultan's arsenal, we were met by a disgusting but not unfrequent spectacle in Morocco; it was a sainted maniac, naked as on the day of his birth, except a party-colored sackcloth, which covered his shoulders and back; his hair was long and matted, and his beard extended to the middle of his breast; in his hand he carried a short spear, ornamented with plates of brass, and bits of red cloth. On approaching him our attendants dismounted, and bowing their heads, seized his hand and kissed it. My turn came next; and as I did not like to come to such close quarters, I threw him a small piece of money: upon which the poor creature jabbered some few words of thanks, and then stalking up to me with all the dignity of a bashaw, and an air of condescending patronage, seized the collar of my coat and spat upon my eyes. I knew enough of the habits of the people to be aware that this was a high compliment, but I could not restrain myself from making a wry face upon the occasion; and I was pulling out my handkerchief to wipe off the filth, when the Mallem cried out, "O blessed Nazarene, what God has given, let no man efface. Thou shalt be happy. Seedy Monoh, the inspired, has spat upon thee. Thou shalt be happy!" There is no use running in the teeth of superstition, so the holy spittle dried on my face. The madman or idiot is universally looked upon in West Barbary as a person to be held in reverence. The Moor tells you that God has retained their reason in heaven, whilst their body is on earth; and that when madmen or idiots speak, their reason is for the time permitted to return to them, and that their words should be treasured up as those of inspired persons. These wretched people are allowed to parade the streets in a state of nudity, and the maniacs sometimes prove most dangerous to unwary Europeans. A French consul-general some years ago was nearly killed by a sainted madman, and in 1830 I had a very narrow escape for my life from another. I happened to be walking on the sea-shore with my sister immediately below the walls of the town of Tangier, when I espied above us a wild-looking fellow about seventy or eighty yards off, with a clothed head of hair that bespoke a sainted madman aiming at me with his long gun, which he had rested on the wall. We were near a rock at the time, behind which we took refuge, and waited there a good while, in hope that the madman's patience would be worn out; but he did not stir, and the passers by, whom I appealed to for their interference, shook their

heads, muttered something about Seedy Tayeb, which proved to be the name of the saint, and went their way. In the meantime the tide was rising rapidly, and we had the unpleasant choice of being drowned or shot. We agreed it was better to risk the latter; so telling my sister to run off in another direction, I stepped forward and gave him the preference of a standing shot. The maniac took aim and fired; and I heard the ball whiz into the water behind me. I was proceeding to run up to him by a path which led to that part of the town wall where he was standing, when I observed that he was coolly reloading his gun; and as the next shot at close quarters might have proved more effective, I thought the best thing I could do was to follow my sister; so I fairly took to my heels."

We must conclude—at least for the present. Mr. Hay, it will be seen, incorporates the experience gathered during many years with the notes of his journey, and therein has done wisely.

Miscellaneous Articles.

POTATOES WITH THE BONES IN.

We are told that "there is reason in roasting eggs"—and there ought to be the same in roasting and boiling potatoes. But there will probably be few of my readers who can readily assign a reason why the all but universal custom among the poor of Ireland is to half boil their potatoes, leaving the centre so hard that it is called the bone of the potato. Considering that this root constitutes nearly the whole of the labouring man's food, it seems extraordinary that it should not be properly cooked, especially as the want of fuel is hardly ever felt in this land of bogs. It is my habit, whenever any unusual phenomenon presents itself to my observation, to endeavour to unravel the mystery myself before making inquiry of others. In the present case I stumbled on the true solution of the problem, and found it amply confirmed afterwards. There is scarcely a more indigestible substance taken into the human stomach than a half-boiled potato; and to a moderate dyspeptic Englishman such diet would be little less than poison. It is this very quality of indigestibility that recommends the *parboiled* potato to the poor Irishman. Rarely indeed have the labouring classes more than two meals of these in the twenty-four hours; and if they were well boiled, the pangs of hunger would be insufferable during a considerable portion of the day and night. Custom, fortunately, is a second Nature; and custom has so reconciled the poor Irishman's stomach to this wretched food, that even the children complain if they find no "bone in the potato." The simplicity of their diet, their exposure to the open air, their patient resignation to their fate, and many other causes, render them little susceptible to the miseries of dyspepsia; while the bones of the potatoes protract the period of digestion till sleep renders them unconscious of the gnawings of hunger. As a feather will often show the direction of the wind better than a well-poised weathercock, so this simple fact demonstrates more forcibly the poverty of the Irish peasantry than a philosophical dissertation on the subject.

I may here remark, that although the children of the cottiers look chubby, and the people healthy, on a potato diet, yet when the Irish labourers come over to this country, and are employed in hard work as navigators, &c., they are found unequal to the task till they are fed for some days on bacon, bread, and potatoes. They are like horses taken from grass, and incapable of hard labour till fed for a time on hay and corn.

Johnson's Tour in Ireland.

THE TALE OF THE SNUFFBOX.

Brummell had a collection chosen with his singular good taste; and one of them had been seen and admired by the Prince, who said, "Brummell, this box must be mine: go to Gray's, and order any box you like in lieu of it." Brummell begged that it might be one with his Royal Highness's miniature; and the Prince, pleased and flattered at the suggestion, gave his assent to the request. Accordingly, the box was ordered, and Brummell took great pains with the pattern and form, as well as with the miniature and the diamonds round it. When some progress had been made, the portrait was shown to the Prince; who was charmed with it, suggested slight improvements and alterations, and took the liveliest interest in the work as it proceeded. All in fact was on the point of being concluded when the scene at Claremont took place. (Where this writer describes the quarrel as originating, through the Prince preventing Brummell from joining a party, on the plea of Mrs. Fitzherbert disliking him.) A day or two after this, Brummell thought he might as well go to Gray's and inquire about the box: he did so, and was told that special directions had been sent by the Prince of Wales that the box was not to be delivered: it never was, nor was the one returned for which it was to have been an equivalent. It was this, I believe, more than any thing besides, which induced Brummell to bear himself with such unbending hostility towards the Prince of Wales. He felt that he had treated him unworthily, and from this moment he indulged himself by saying the bitterest things. When pressed by poverty, however, and, as I suppose, somewhat broken in spirit, he at a later period recalled the Prince's attention to the subject of the snuffbox. Colonel Cooke, (who was at Eton called "Cricketer Cooke," afterwards known as "Kangaroo Cooke,") when passing through Calais, saw Brummell; who told him the story, and requested that he would inform the Prince Regent that the promised box had never been given, and that he was now constrained to recall the circumstance to his recollection. The Regent's reply was—"Well, Master Kang, as for the box it is all nonsense; but I suppose the poor devil wants a hundred guineas, and he shall have them"; and it was in this ungracious manner that the money was sent, received, and acknowledged.

Life of Beau Brummell.

We read in the *Armorica* of Brest—"A young artisan, on his way from Brest to Morlaix, where his family reside, on arriving at Landernau, entered an hotel to take his breakfast, and proceeding to the *salle-à-manger*, sat down to a table which had been laid for several persons. He soon perceived that the table was set out more elegantly than is customary at country inns, and his surprise augmented when some gentlemen entered and took their seats at this table, as if it had been prepared for them. Fearing that he was an intruder, and a little confused, he rose from his seat, and was leaving the room, when one of the gentlemen stopped him, and in the most polite manner invited him to resume his place. He complied, and was soon at his ease, drinking and laughing with his companions as if they were old acquaintances. The breakfast over, he bowed to the company, and went to the master of the hotel to pay his share of the feast, at the same time expressing his delight at the handsome way in which he had been treated by the young gentleman who had invited him to resume his seat. The master of the hotel refused to take his money, and informed him that the gentleman who had done him such honour was the Prince de Joinville, the son of the King."

THE NATIVE SENTINEL.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

There are persons who argue, and the French nation warmly encourage the idea, that a soldier should be a reasoning animal, that the powers vested in him should be used only as occasion may require, and that in the exercise of his duty he should always consider every order received by him as discretionary. The majority, however, of military men consider that a soldier should be little more than an automaton when under arms, and I confess I am of the same opinion. In his private acts it is all very well for him to cavil and to argue, and change his mind as often as he likes; but when habited and armed, and placed under the orders of one who is at least supposed to know better than himself, I consider that the soldier should blindly obey whatever directions he may receive, and act strictly as he may be commanded to do. It is for this reason I so much admire the native troops of India. A sepoy is a part, a willing and active part, of his officer. He knows no will but that of his leader. He hesitates not to do whatsoever that leader tells him, so long as he finds his own danger shared by him. It is true that the instant the European officer wavers or flies, the sepoy does the same. But into the very cannon's mouth if led by his superior, the native soldier will boldly follow. He requires no exciting cause of war to goad him on to valour; no cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" to hurry him on to glory; quietly and steadily he advances at the bidding of his officer, nor does he turn his back till that officer desires him to retreat, only checking his onward career when death, or the commands of his superior, compel him to do so.

I remember, when quartered at Delhi, that many things had been stolen from the officers' quarters; a series of petty thefts had put us all on the *qui vive*. These depredations were evidently committed by some stranger, who after nightfall managed to get into cantonments; every avenue to our lines was carefully watched by sentries, with strict orders that any one approaching and refusing to give the countersign was immediately to be fired on. These orders were fulfilled in the bazaar, and throughout the neighbourhood, to prevent any untoward accident arising out of their strict fulfilment.

One evening I had strolled into Major M-Person's quarters, and was enjoying a hookah with that distinguished officer (than whom a braver or better never lived,) when we were suddenly aroused from our sleepy employment by the sharp report of a musket. We both started up, and rushed out to inquire the cause; for I need not add for the information of the military portion of my readers, that nothing but a cause of importance can justify the discharge of fire-arms in a garrison-town; and, finding that the sound proceeded from a central fort about two hundred yards off, we started at full speed to inquire into the circumstance.

When we came up, we beheld by the light of torches, carried by persons who, like ourselves, had been attracted to the spot by the report, a dead body stretched on the ground, while across it lay the soldier, apparently insensible. The blood was still streaming from the wound of the man who had been shot, and stained the white trowsers of the sepoy. I instantly gave orders that he should be raised up in order to ascertain whether he was really dead, or merely in a swoon. As his countenance met my view I started back with horror; his eyes, frightfully distended, exhibited so much of the white, that my blood curdled as I gazed upon him. His lips were drawn upwards and downwards, shewing his ivory-like teeth, which chattered in fearful insanity; and, as he struggled with those who attempted to lift him up, as he strove hard again to throw himself on the corpse before him, I beheld with horror for the first time in my life what the faculty, I believe, entitle *Rizus Sardonicus*, working on the lower part of a face, whose fierce and glaring eye denoted raving and agonizing madness.

The frantic gestures, and rending screams, the menacing threats, alternated with feeble sighs, piteous entreaties for mercy uttered by the poor fellow before us, whom I well knew, and whom I had seen in perfect health only a few hours before, shocked me to a degree I cannot describe, and almost deprived me of the presence of mind it required to make instant inquiry into the cause of the scene before us.

The unhappy maniac led away, I instantly set about investigating the circumstance, which turned out to be as follows:—

Jesseree, the poor fellow I have mentioned, had been posted on sentry about an hour before midnight, with strict orders to fire on any one who might approach without giving the password. Scarcely had two-thirds of his allotted time to remain on this duty elapsed, when a footstep was heard stealthily approaching. The sentinel challenged; but, instead of receiving a reply, the intruder only seemed to advanced quicker; a second time, and still silent; a third, and Jesseree, levelling his musket, fired at the individual now seen within twenty yards, by the uncertain light of a more than usually obscure night. The report had not yet died away, when Jesseree heard a cry of agony, and the well-known voice of his old father call out the name of his beloved son. He threw down his musket and madly rushed up to his victim, but it was too late, the unintentional parricide had but too effectually taken aim; and with that cry of affection which had caused the child to recognize his parent, life had fled for ever from the breast of the old Indian, who had travelled on foot through dangerous woods, and swam the most rapid rivers, once more to behold, as he had hoped, his darling offspring. Nearly six hundred miles had he travelled, through difficulties innumerable, to embrace once more the life of his declining age. He had heard his loved voice, when in English (as is customary) he had challenged, and not understanding the meaning of the demand, had rushed forward to press to his fond heart that son whose fatal aim had in an instant deprived the author of his being of life. He had fallen dead, attempting to utter his name.

The next morning I fervently uttered an exclamation of thanksgiving, when I heard that death had relieved the maniac from his sufferings.

THE WHIMS OF A WATER-DRINKER.

BY HAL WILLIS.

Shakspeare was a great man, a jewel of the first water. That is a proposition which, we think, cannot be denied.

That his works will float on the current of time, until "time shall be no more," and the unalloyed coin of his brain's mintage be the current coin in all the realms where wit, imagination, and humours, hold their light and pleasant regnes, refreshing as summer-showers, is a concurrent position, as maintainable as the first.

And although he asserts "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, may lead to fortune," we humbly contend that there is a tide, which even, taken "after the flood," may also tend to the same consequences.

Another poet, of some mark too, Anacreon, has naughtily indulged in the praise of imbibing fermented liquors. His numbers are certainly smooth and

spirited; but we cannot conscientiously admire his *spirit*, and must despise his eternal *wine, wine, wine*, from beginning to end.

There is a gentleman now living, (and long may he live and see his error!) one Leigh Hunt, a poet and essayist of the first order, who has written a shocking song, commencing,

"Away with all water wherever I come,
I forbid it you, gentlemen, all and some," &c.

as in for which we can scarcely in our hearts forgive him—it is so *spirit-stirring!*

He who draws such copious buckets from the "well of English undefiled" should not have so committed himself. The only penance we can suggest is, that he should take the pledge, purchase the medal of Father Matthew, and meddle no more with matters of such moment to the community.

Seriously do we believe that any man who abuses his talents by catering to the unhealthy appetite of wine-bibbers, dram-drinkers, and toss-pots, should be confined to a hydrostatic bed, and fed upon water-cresses during a whole month (the rainy month of April); and if then found incorrigible, whipped at the tail of a water-cart, with a cat-o'-nine-tails made of watered silk ribands! A study of Claridge's book, or a description of Vincent Priessnitz's process, or any other water works, for a fortnight would inevitably restore him to society with water, instead of wine, upon his brain; and he would then rival Taylor, the water-poet, in his future productions!

We regard all men who insanely indulge in spirituous or vinous, in preference to aqueous potations, as so many human "Macintoshes,"—pertinaciously resisting water!

But, let the world blindly imagine what they will, water, like light, will make its way. It is no mere bubble of the day, but a mighty river. The proud navy of England is, and has ever been supported by it alone! And it will ultimately make its way into high places; as once upon a time it actually did penetrate into Westminster Hall, when the lawyers were much disconcerted, and had some idea of indicting the Thames for a nuisance; but before the legal gentlemen had time to draw up an indictment the intrusive element was bailed out, and they declined to follow it up!

O! Jupiter Pluvius! long may'st thou reign! and may'st thou ultimately become the rain-beau of hope to the teetotallers!

AN INCIDENT OF CIVIL WARFARE.

Prior to the peace of Fontainebleau, in 1762, it is known that Mr. Pitt and his successors directed all the energies of our country to the extirpation of the French from America, and to depriving that nation of her colonies in every part of the world. General Wolfe's glorious conquest of Quebec, greatly contributed to our success. Our military force in North America was necessarily very large, and it of course comprised many of our regiments of Guards. It happened that the first regiment of Foot Guards was for some time stationed at Charleston, the capital of South Carolina, then a most important province in turning the scale of victory in our favour. In that regiment there was a young gentleman, of very superior appearance, a Lieutenant Powell, of the highest and richest of the families in Glamorganshire, in South Wales. This young officer became violently attached to a Miss Middleton, the sole heiress of a very large property, and the female representative of, without exception, the most aristocratic family in what we should now call "The United States," or, "The Union." Miss Middleton was beautiful and highly accomplished, and in those days accomplishments were very little sought after or attended to in our colonies, by either males or females, whatever might be the affluence of their families. A marriage ensued between the young lovers, and a son was born, and christened Middleton Powell.

The peace being concluded, the first regiment of Foot Guards was ordered home, and though excessively attached to his young wife, the Lieutenant was such a military enthusiast, that he resisted all her entreaties to sell out and leave the Army, and he returned with his regiment to England. The boy was left to the care of his mother till the age of eight, when the father, reflecting on the extremely unintellectual culture, with the gross habits and language, prevalent throughout all our slave colonies, resolved to bring his son to England for education. He repaired to Charleston, to soothe the mother's affliction at separating from her only son and child. The lady, though intensely affectionate, saw the necessity of the measure; and concealing the throbbings of an aching heart, took leave of her son.

The boy was brought to England, was put to Eton, studied successfully for honours at Oxford, was entered at Lincoln's Inn, and called to the bar. He had no intention or inclination to practise the legal profession; but his wish was to qualify himself for the senate and for public business.

Having arrived at the age of twenty-one, and completed every study, he took his passage for America, in order to embrace his mother. On the eve of embarking, he received a letter from Charleston, announcing the death of his parent, and conveying an intimation that, with respect to property, his presence on his estates would be advisable.

He left England, after most affectionately taking leave of his beloved father. Arriving in the American capital, he resolved on his plan and habits of life. He had a house spacious and elegant, and as elegantly furnished. His establishment was good; but though his aristocracy of birth, and his great wealth, were passports to society, and even to public distinctions, he did not "take with" his countrymen.

At this critical period of our hero's life, those disputes arose which soon led to the revolutionary war, that terminated in establishing the American Republic. Party spirit ran extremely high; all society—private and public society—was envenomed, and discussions were rancorous and personally abusive. Duels were incessant, and generally very serious or fatal.

Middleton Powell received a gross insult in a coffee-room,—a room in which a duel had been fought across a table, and in which Lieut.-General de L—, in the British service, lost his life. Middleton Powell was averse to duelling; but he was warned if in such desperate times he put up with one insult, that insults would be heaped upon him incessantly. The caution had no effect, but one consideration determined his conduct. The gentleman who had insulted him, was the challenger: he was President of "The Duellist Society." In this truly infamous society, of which many still alive have a recollection, each member took his rank and seat at table, according to the number of persons he had killed. The President was of course the man that had shot the greatest number; and the Vice-President, he who had killed the next greatest number. After this the members took their seat near the President, in proportion to their duelling successes. Middleton Powell resolved to go to the ground. He shot his antagonist through the heart, whilst his adversary's ball grazed his head, and tore the top of his hat*.

* The Vice-President of this society was killed by an English Lieutenant of the Navy, named Price; and the whole society was dissolved amidst general execration.

The rancour of party spirit became more vehement. Middleton Powell was entreated to join the military enlistment; his courage was now eminent; his large wealth, the name of his family, his reputation for talents and conduct, would have made him a host in the republican ranks, and he had on more than one public occasion declared himself strongly in favour of a separation of the colonies from England, and had denounced the conduct of the English Government as most unjustifiable; still he kept aloof. He retired into private obscurity, and when entreated by a friend to take an active and vigorous part in the impending civil war, he replied with great feeling, "Good heavens!—how can I take part in such an unnatural war? My father is now Colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards. The regiment is just arrived; under him it is the most active and efficient regiment in the English Army. From conscience I could not comply with my father's wish to enter the English service, and were I to enter the American Army, the chances are infinite, that our regiments would come into collision; and what would be his horror if I were slain—and what would be mine if my father were killed or wounded by the fire or charge directed even by myself? The very contemplation is distracting."

But in such times neutrals are not allowed to exist. The Council took coercive measures to force enlistment, and Middleton Powell thought it better to be a voluntary than a forced recruit; he enlisted as a common soldier, and a picked regiment was soon formed out of the body into which he had entered. General Washington became the Colonel. Several very severe conflicts ensued, and the General promoted Middleton Powell to the rank of Captain, on account of his extraordinary valour, adding—

"You shall have the next Majority and the next Colonelcy I can give you."

"General Washington," was the reply, "I will accept no higher rank than my Captaincy. My success to-day has been against the English Guards, commanded by own father. As a Captain, I am a passive engine, an instrument of duty; but in a higher rank I shall have to direct the musketry or the charges that may take my father's life."

"The distinction is not very satisfactory," coldly replied General Washington.

"It is true," was the rejoinder, "but it is the only distinction which the unhappy case admits of."

Warmly and vigorously proceeded the campaign, when one day General Washington's principal Aide-de-camp summoned the Captain to the General's presence. Arrived at the head-quarters of this great man, he was surprised to find him in a very poor room, and without a single military attendant, or even domestic servant. The scene and dialogue were short but impressive.

"Capt. Middleton Powell," said the hero, "You are evidently surprised at my meeting you, and alone, in this very humble room. These are not my quarters, but I have reasons for concealment and secrecy, sir. There are spies—yes, sir, numerous spies in the American army, and the English army is not without such traitors and miscreants. I have just received the most important intelligence. Do you know the mountains?"

"Every foot of them, as correctly as I know my own fields and forests. They were my most favourite sporting grounds, and I have shot many a bear, wolf, eagle, and vulture, in those mountains."

"Do the passes admit of a military defence?"

"There are three contiguous passes that may defy an army. Give me but twenty good soldiers for each, and I will set at defiance all the forces that could be brought against me."

"Well, know, sir, that I had formed in the extreme back countries, and amidst the densest forests, a very large magazine. It was in a country never visited by traveller or settler: some spy has not only informed the enemy of the locality of this magazine, but has actually given intelligence that very large stores are now on their way from the magazine to the army, and under a not strong escort. This convoy consists of ammunition, and of all the winter clothing of the troops, and were it intercepted, our whole force would be obliged to surrender at discretion. The enemy's plan is to let the celebrated cavalry officer, Colonel Tarleton—"

"General Washington, it is impossible. Not even a mule could be got through one of those passes."

"No, sir, but Colonel Tarleton is to make the most rapid movement he can to the north, through the plains, whilst an infantry force is to pass by the shorter cut through the mountains; the two bodies are to form a junction, and make a simultaneous attack on the convoy, and after the capture of it, the infantry are to proceed and destroy the magazine itself. My anxiety is about the corps of infantry. The existence of the army and of our sacred cause depends on frustrating its movement, and this being done, I can easily foil Colonel Tarleton's cavalry. Capt. Middleton Powell, pick a hundred of the best soldiers and petty officers, and proceed to take possession of the passes as rapidly as possible. Do not let a word transpire as to the object of your march, for all depends on your success, and success depends on secrecy. I will give you Capt. Lawrence as your second in command; he is brave, a good soldier, and to be depended upon. Take provisions for five days, for you must defend the post for that period."

"General, excepting bread or biscuits, there is no occasion to take provisions, for in that part of the mountain two sportsmen, the one with a double-barrelled rifle, and the other with a fowling-piece will kill more in one day, than twenty men could consume in a month. The mountains are full of beautiful streams, and the mosses of them make an admirable vegetable."

The hero of our narrative took his leave, and in less than an hour a corps of a hundred of the finest troops were on a cheerful march they knew not where or on what object.

Captain Middleton Powell was melancholy and perfectly silent all the way. He was pale, and under the strongest depression of spirits, whilst the red round face of his ever-merry friend beamed with cheerfulness, and he was more than ordinarily voluble.

"My friend Middleton," he said, "you evidently don't like the expedition you are on: I am fond of all activity, enterprise, and adventures. The greater the dangers, and the more the difficulties, the better suited to my fancy is a military expedition. You are a brave fellow, or I should think you had been frightened by a vision, and was full of the Scotch second sight, or what the English call a presentiment of death. Cheer up, if it is only to inspire the men."

"Lawrence, my friend, I know not whether my most beloved father is dead or living. Yesterday I was chiefly instrumental in defeating his regiment; and, if personally he is unhurt, his high military pride must be sadly mortified."

"You have an absolute monomania on this subject."

"That war is most unnatural that sets father and son together at murderous strife."

"Ha, ha, ha!" ejaculated the merry companion, "all civil wars are the same; there are hundreds of fathers and sons in the two armies under similar circum-

stances to yours. My father put his six sons into different foreign services. "Lawrence, your reasoning does not satisfy me. I never had a brother, and I trust your doctrines do not extend to father and son,—Heaven forbid."

A few miles were marched in silence. The object of the expedition now became apparent to Capt. Lawrence. The passes were unoccupied by the English, and Capt. Powell most gladly took possession of them. He stationed his men and sentries, and all had to bivouac in a very cold night.

Before daybreak Capt. Powell arose, and proceeded to the outer points of his position. Unluckily he went beyond the sentries. He carried with him, as he always did, his double-barrelled rifle. At dawn he perceived the plain beneath covered with English Infantry. The men had bivouacked, and were preparing for a march, evidently to take possession of the passes, and to move through them to their ulterior objects of attacking magazine and convoy. Whilst making his observations, and estimating their numbers, he was suddenly startled by the rustling of some shrubbery close to him. He thought it a bear or wolf, animals that he had so often shot in the same place, and, retreating a pace, he cocked his rifle. It was a very different object: for he saw the plumes of an English officer over the bushes, and he who wore them was rapidly advancing. Capt. Powell could not perceive whether the officer was leading any men; but it turned out to be otherwise, and that the advance was a solitary stroll, made under the impression that these passes were unoccupied.

"Stand back, Sir," cried Capt. Powell, "or I must fire," and saying which he brought his rifle to his shoulder.

The English officer had no idea of standing back, and drawing his sword, he advanced with greatly-increased rapidity.

"If you advance another yard," cried Middleton, "you are—shot—a dead man."

Without uttering a single word this undaunted resolute officer continued his advance, until he contrived, by stooping and otherwise, to get through a gap in the line of wild rough bushes. It was one of those gaps so frequently made by the wolves and bears. Scarcely had he emerged, and advanced into the road, than Captain Powell fired, and the officer fell on his back and expired in a minute, after a few strong convulsions of his countenance. He had been shot through the heart.

"Well, he was a brave soldier," observed the Captain, "and deserved a better fate."

He advanced towards the body, and, standing over it, his rifle dropped from his grasp; his face was full of horror, which was succeeded by the expression of the wildest despair. In a tone of raving madness he exclaimed, "Oh, God! oh, God! I have killed my father!" and he fell on the body, apparently lifeless as the corpse he was embracing. He awoke to the most piteous weeping, and kept patting and kissing the face, as if his intellects were unsettled. He was what in conversation is called "thoroughly unmanned."

The sound of fire-arms brought Capt. Lawrence and a few Sergeants to the spot. The Captain perceived nothing but a dead enemy, with his friend and superior officer weeping like a child over the body.

"For heaven's sake, Middleton Powell, rise," said Capt. Lawrence. "This scene is even ridiculous amongst the troops. What have you done? Killed a man. Is it not your profession to kill men? Don't we take our honours and our pay for doing so? What are you, I, and all of us, here for, but to kill our enemies? and I hope to kill a great many of them. Come, come, rise, and don't be even so ridiculous."

"Captain," said a sentry, who at a distance had witnessed the whole scene, "the English officer he has killed is his own father."

This changed the whole case, and Capt. Lawrence directed two Sergeants to remove their officer from the body of the deceased, but with as little force and as much respect as possible. This was done without difficulty, for his physical powers were gone.

"I cannot trust him to himself," said Capt. Lawrence to his brother-officers. "He is evidently not in possession of his intellect. He is fatuous, idiotic, I fear."

He gave directions to place the unhappy man in a small cavity in one of the rocks, that went by the name of the Hermit's Cell. The next order was to take his side-arms from him, and to put two discreet sentinels at the mouth of it, to prevent his escape. These sentinels, however, neglected their duty; for the unhappy man contrived to elude them, and in a strong paroxysm of his affliction he repaired to the dead body, and once more threw himself upon it, and, impressing a kiss on the cheek, he drew a pistol from his bosom, and shot himself through the heart.

The passes were deemed unassailable, and were not attacked. A truce between the two forces was agreed upon, and at the burial military honours were paid to the funeral by both the English and American officers and troops.

A very humble grave contained the bodies of the father and son.

Latest Intelligence.

SENTENCE UPON O'CONNELL AND THE OTHER TRAVERSERS.

Thursday morning having been fixed for bringing the traversers up for judgment, in the case of the Queen v. Daniel O'Connell and others, the streets around the Four Courts, and all the avenues leading to the Queen's Bench, were thronged at an early hour with crowds anxious to catch a glimpse of O'Connell, and learn the final result of these important and long-protracted proceedings. As soon as the Court was opened, there was a rush to obtain places, and the bar, boxes, and galleries were filled in an instant.

Mr. O'Connell entered the traversers' bar shortly after ten o'clock, accompanied by his son John, and on his appearance the whole bar rose simultaneously and cheered him most enthusiastically. Immediately afterwards Mr. Justice Perrin came on the bench, and heard some motions of course. The full Court sat at twenty minutes past eleven. The Chief Justice asked the Attorney-General if he had anything to move, and that gentleman having answered in the negative—

Mr. Moore rose and said, that, in the case of the Queen v. O'Connell and others, he had to move that the sentence, whatever it might be, should not be carried into operation until after judgment upon a writ of error which the traversers would sue out. His application was founded upon the proceedings which had already taken place, and upon the affidavit of Mr. O'Connell, wherein it was stated that he believed and was advised that four distinct grounds existed upon which error could be founded; and that he and the other traversers, would, with all possible speed, proceed with the writ of error.

The application was opposed by the Crown, and refused by the Court. Mr. Justice Burton, who seemed deeply affected, proceeded to pass sentence.

So strong were his emotions, that his utterance became, at times, indistinct.—He commenced by observing that, in the present case, the traversers charged upon the indictment having, after a full discussion, been found guilty, and the Court having arrived at the opinion that they had been lawfully convicted of the offences imputed to them, it is now, said he, my very painful duty—very, very painful indeed I feel it to be—to state what that sentence is. The main offence imputed to the traversers is that of attempting the abolition or abrogation of the legislative union, as at present subsisting, by means of a conspiracy, which is alleged by the indictment, and has been so found by the jury, as formed by them, with the intention to intimidate the subjects of the Queen who are opposed to such a measure, and to diminish the respect due to courts of law, as well as to intimidate both houses of Parliament and the Government of the country, as it is at present constituted. This offence, as it has been charged by the indictment, and found by the verdict of the jury, is that of a very high misdemeanor. He here recapitulated the different parts of the charge contained in the indictment, and then remarked that all these offences are conducive to, and component parts of, the same crime charged in the indictment. The question has been under the consideration of the Court as to what the sentence, under the circumstances, ought to be. It is, then, my duty—my painful duty—(his Lordship here paused for a moment)—in truth, I do find it to be a most distressing duty, to state what is the result of the consultation of the Court, and which is to affect the liberty of so many men—one of them, I believe—one, I am sure—who stands very high in public estimation. It is, I say, particularly painful for me to state it with respect to one of these, to whose judgment as a lawyer, and as a highly informed man, in a case of such a description as the present, I myself would look with the greatest reliance where others might be concerned—with respect, then, to him, the principal traverser, as compared with the other traversers now at the bar, the learned gentleman himself will, I am sure, agree with me in considering that he stands in a peculiar position. (There was here an audible murmur in all parts of the Court.) They have shared in the offence, they have concurred with him in the cause he has adopted; but they have, as the Court believe, concurred in consideration of the high estimation in which they hold his superior talents and judgment, and he moreover has accepted, acknowledged, and taken upon himself the avowed condition of being their leader; in this regard his case differs disadvantageously from that of the other traversers. (A movement in all parts of the Court.) But these considerations lessen what may be looked upon as the great guilt of their conduct, when it is considered how far they may have been drawn into the commission of it by the estimation in which—

Mr. John O'Connell, who with his father had been sitting on the front Queen Counsel's seat, here started to his feet and said, "Pardon me, my Lord—" The sentence, however, remained unfinished, although its purport could not be mistaken—namely, to avow his full responsibility for the part he had acted, as being influenced by any other than his own self-convictions. His father, however, affectionately laying his hand on his shoulder, urged him to resume his seat. This incident, which was but of momentary duration, added to the excitement that pervaded every portion of the Court.

Mr. Justice Burton proceeded. There is another gentleman also before the Court—I mean the son of the principal traverser—a gentleman of acknowledged talent, and of great legal attainments, in high estimation, with whom I am personally acquainted, and of whose general conduct I have a high opinion. In his case, also, the principal traverser will see circumstances strongly in his favour from the near relationship in which he stands towards him. There is one circumstance in this case which I cannot but state. I am convinced that the principal traverser intended to carry his great object, the repeal of the union, not, I do not say, without violent means, not without exciting terror, but without any infraction of the public peace, and without shedding a single drop of blood. I do believe that the principal traverser had this intention firmly in his mind, and that it was the great influence and the great authority that he possessed with the parties who joined with him in his design that enabled him to do so—that enabled him to preserve the peace unbroken. Under these circumstances, however deeply we must lament the misery of awarding exemplary punishment to such a person, still there are circumstances to be taken into consideration that do not lessen the crime of conspiracy. The Court have come to the judgment which I am about to pronounce. The learned Judge here paused, burst into tears, and when he was able to resume, uttered in almost inaudible tones these words:—"With respect to the principal traverser, the Court is of opinion that he must be sentenced to be imprisoned for the space of twelve calendar months, and that he is further to be fined in the sum of £2000, and bound in his own recognizances in the sum of £5000, and two sureties in £2500, to keep the peace for seven years. With respect to the other traversers, we have come to the conclusion that to each shall be allotted the same sentence; which is, that they be imprisoned for the space of nine calendar months, each of them to pay £50 fine, and enter into their own recognizances of £1000, and two sureties of £500, to keep the peace for seven years."

After the lapse of a few moments,

Mr. O'Connell rose, and leaning over the table towards the Bench, thus addressed the Judges:—"I beg to remind your Lordships that I made a solemn affidavit, denying, for myself, and on the part of the other traversers, that I had entered into any crime of conspiracy with them; and it is now with great regret that I have to express that I am under the painful conviction that justice has not been done." (Loud cheers here broke forth from all parts of the Court. The Judges, but particularly the Chief Justice, looked around them, as if utterly confounded by this outburst of popular feeling. The cheering was continued for a few minutes, and as it was about to subside, was again renewed in obedience to the call of "one cheer more." The Chief Justice looked eagerly to the gathering, as if desirous of identifying one of the disturbers. If such were his intention he soon abandoned it, for he flung himself back in his chair, where he remained until the tumult had completely subsided.)

A consultation took place in a low tone of voice between Mr. Justice Burton and Mr. O'Connell as to the places of confinement. They are, we understand—for Mr. O'Connell, the Richmond Penitentiary; for the other traversers, the City Marshalsea, as being within the limits of the place where they were tried.

At half-past four o'clock, Mr. O'Connell was in the custody of the High Sheriff for the city. He was still within the walls of the Court, in which there were large bodies of the police. All sides of the Court, all the approaches to it, were invested by a large multitude. The greatest excitement prevailed in all parts of Dublin, but no apprehension was entertained as to any violation of the public peace.

A proclamation had been universally circulated in all parts of Dublin; it

was published by order of Mr. O'Connell, and was an exhortation in the strongest language to "peace and quietness."

The following address, which had been prepared in anticipation of the sentence, was issued on Thursday:—

ADDRESS OF O'CONNELL TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

PEACE AND QUIET.

People of Ireland—Fellow-Countrymen—Beloved Fellow-Countrymen—The sentence is passed. But there is another appeal from that sentence. The appeal lies to the House of Lords. I solemnly pledge myself to bring an appeal against that sentence, and I assure you there is every prospect that it will be received. Peace, then, and quiet. Let there not be one particle of riot, tumult, or violence. This is the crisis in which it will be shown whether the people of Ireland will obey me or not. Any person who violates the law, or is guilty of any violence, insult, or injury to person or property, violates my command, and shows himself an enemy to me, and a bitter enemy to Ireland.

The people of Ireland—the sober, honest, religious people of Ireland—have hitherto obeyed my commands and kept quiet. Let every man stay at home. Let the women and children stay at home. Do not crowd the streets, and in particular let no man approach the precincts of the Four Courts.

Now, people of Dublin, and people of Ireland generally, I shall know, and the world will know, whether you love and respect me or not. Show your love and regard for me, by your obedience to the law—your peaceable conduct, and the total avoidance of any riot or violence.

PEACE, ORDER, QUIET, TRANQUILLITY.

Preserve the peace, and the Repeal cause will necessarily be triumphant. Peace and quiet I ask for in my name, and as you regard me. Peace and quiet I ask for in the name of Ireland, and as you love your native land. Peace—quiet—order, I call for under the solemn sanction of religion. I conjure you to observe quiet, and I ask it in the adorable name of the ever-living God. Gratify me and your friends by your being quiet and peaceable.

The enemies of Ireland would be delighted at you violating the peace, or being guilty of any disorder.

Disappoint them—gratify and delight by peace, order, and quiet.

Your faithful friend.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Corn Exchange-rooms, 29th May, 1844.

The usual weekly meeting of the Repeal Association took place, on the 20th ultimo, in the Conciliation Hall. There were very few persons in attendance. Mr. W. Gernon, barrister-at-law, acted as chairman.

Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., announced the receipt of the following sums from America:—Wisconsin, £12; Watertown, £22; Hamilton, (Canada), £25; Buffalo, (New York), £20; Halifax, (N.S.), £30; Providence, (R.I.), £36; Fall River, (Mass.), £31; and Philadelphia, £200. The last mentioned sum was inclosed in a letter from Mr. Robert Tyler, son of the President.

Mr. John O'Connell, in moving the thanks of the association to the writer of this letter, said that he had but one difficulty in doing so, which arose from the fact of his being the son of the man who had set his name to a document authorising the annexation to the Union of the ruffianly slaveholding district of Texas. There was one sentence in Mr. Tyler's letter which showed it was impossible he could approve of the acts of these scoundrel Texans. It was to the effect that all men were capable of self-government, and as that sentence redeemed the writer from the imputation of sanctioning slavery, he felt much pleasure in moving the thanks of the association to him.

The total amount of rent during the week, including £376 from America, was stated to be £600.

The weekly meeting of this body, on the 27th ult., was densely crowded, and Mr. O'Connell's reception was most enthusiastic. The chair was occupied by Sir S. Bradstreet, Bart. The following American subscriptions were handed in:—From Savannah, £100, and £50 from Brooklyn, New York. It was ordered, on the motion of Mr. O'Connell, that a bill for £178 14s. 9d., from New Orleans, should be returned, because the resolutions and address accompanying the remittance advised the adoption of physical force and inculcated disloyal principles. The repeal rent of the week was announced to be £546 0s. 8d.

ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

On Saturday the authorities at Woolwich dockyard were kept in suspense from an early hour in the morning until late at night, in the expectation, hourly, of the arrival of the Emperor of Russia. To speak more properly, however, it was "Count Orloff" whom they expected, for all the orders were given as for the expected arrival, not of the Emperor, but of the Count. It was under this title that the Emperor was to travel. Baron Brunow, the Russian Minister, came down to Woolwich on Friday evening, accompanied by M. Benkhause, and during the whole of Saturday he was anxiously waiting the arrival of his Royal master.

As the Emperor was travelling incog., it was understood that no ceremony was to attend his reception—no guard of honour or salutes, or any marks of respect beyond what would be paid to any private individual of rank. Lord Bloomfield, however, the Commandant of the Arsenal, and Sir Francis Collier, the Commodore Superintendent of the Dockyard, were in attendance during the day, but not in uniform, or in any capacity of a ceremonial character. His Lordship, it seems, is personally known to the Emperor of Russia. The only person connected with the dockyard who was in uniform was Captain Smith, R.N., and in his case it was in accordance with custom. The expected arrival had been kept so very generally a secret—that is to say, with respect to the place of disembarkation, that there were very few persons in the neighbourhood of the dockyard.

At 10 o'clock three large steamers was signalled to the Dockyard authorities. They proved to be the Cyclops, the Merope, and the Cerebus (Dutch steamers), the former having on board the Emperor of Russia and Count Orloff, and the others the suite, luggage, carriages, &c. As soon as the Cyclops had anchored, Baron Brunow and Sir Francis Collier went off in a boat to the vessel to fetch the Emperor. It was a lovely moonlight night. At a quarter past 10 o'clock the boat returned, bringing the Emperor and the Count, who landed at the steps on the Dockyard-quay. Lanterns had been placed on each side of the steps, and a large body of the Greenwich and Woolwich police, under the superintendence of Mr. Mallalieu, were in attendance with lanterns to light the Emperor up to the carriages. The Emperor was dressed in a large travelling cloak of pale gray colour, and he had on a travelling cap of the same. He stepped lightly from the boat on to the steps, and walked rapidly on towards the carriages, attended by Count Orloff, Baron Brunow, General Aldenbers, and his Aides-de-Camp, Prince Radziwill, Prince Wapieschhoff, and Capt. Aldenberg; Sir F. Collier, and Captain Smith. Dr. Reinholds, his Majesty's physician, was in attendance. Lord Bloomfield drove up in his carriage, and

met the Emperor about half-way across the yard. He immediately alighted from his carriage, and made a reverence to the Emperor, who gave him his hand to kiss. They then walked side by side up to Sir Francis Collier's house, at the back of which his Majesty and those who were immediately with him entered, while the carriages were being drawn round to the front door. An express was immediately sent off to Ashburnham House and the Palace, announcing the Emperor's arrival. In a few minutes after (at twenty minutes to eleven o'clock) the carriages (two carriages and four) were drawn up at the front door of Sir F. Collier's house, and the Emperor entered the first carriage. The other conveyed Baron Brunow and Count Orloff. They drove off at a rapid pace towards town, arriving at Ashburnham House at half-past eleven.

The Emperor's attendants and several members of his suite were accommodated in the various hotels in the neighbourhood. On Saturday morning the Emperor rose shortly after eight o'clock, and breakfasted in his private apartment, with a limited number of his suite, before nine. Precisely at half-past nine o'clock, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by Major-General Bowater and the Hon. Mr. Murray, arrived at the Embassy from Buckingham Palace, in one of the royal carriages, on a visit to the Emperor.

His Imperial Majesty was in the act of descending to receive his Royal Highness, when both the illustrious personages met on the grand staircase. Their meeting was of the most affectionate and cordial character. The Emperor threw his arms round the neck of the Prince Consort, and embraced him fervently, Prince Albert returning the salute with great apparent feeling.

The Emperor then led his royal guest into the drawing-room of the mansion, where they remained engaged in conversation together for a considerable period. The Emperor inquired affectionately after the Queen, and expressed an earnest hope that his sudden arrival in England would not be allowed to inconvenience her Majesty and the Prince in any way, adding that he proposed to remain at any rate for a short period in the mansion he then occupied. The Prince was understood to have intimated that no inconvenience could possibly result from the Emperor's immediate removal to the palace. Apartments had already been prepared, and it was her Majesty's earnest desire that the Emperor should at once remove thither with the whole of his suite.

At half-past one o'clock his Royal Highness Prince Albert returned to the Embassy, on this occasion accompanied by Sir Robert Peel. The carriage containing the Prince and Sir Robert Peel drove into the court-yard of the mansion. His Royal Highness alighted, and with Sir Robert Peel entered the hall. Here they were met by the Emperor, and the Prince having presented the Premier to his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor shook hands heartily with Sir Robert. The Emperor then entered the Prince's carriage, and together with his Royal Highness drove off towards Buckingham Palace. Sir Robert Peel rode in the second carriage with General Count Orloff and General Adlerberg, and several members of the Emperor's suite followed in other carriages. There were very few persons assembled in Dover-street at this period to witness the departure of the Royal cortege, and no manifestation of loyalty took place beyond a respectful uncovering of heads as the illustrious personages passed out at the gates. Arriving at Buckingham Palace, the Emperor was presented to her Majesty by Prince Albert. His Majesty subsequently partook of a splendid *déjeuner*, to which the Queen invited him, and afterwards paid a visit to the King of Saxony in his apartments at the Palace. At half-past two o'clock the Royal carriages were again ordered to the gates, for the purpose of conveying the Emperor on a round of visits to the various members of the Royal Family, and at 25 minutes to three his Imperial Majesty entered the first carriage, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

In the second carriage rode General Count Orloff and Baron Brunow, and four other carriages were filled by the Emperor's suite.

The royal party first proceeded to Marlborough-house to pay a visit to the Queen Dowager, and thence went to Cambridge-house, to honour the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge with a call. The next visit made was to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, in Park-lane, and thence the carriages proceeded through Hyde-park to Kensington, where the Emperor visited her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia. Returning along the Park-road, the Royal cortege met the King of Saxony, who was proceeding to the Princess's residence in one of the Royal carriages, attended by his suite in several other carriages. The two monarchs recognised, and bowed to each other as the carriages passed.

The Emperor then proceeded to Apsley-house, to honour his Grace the Duke of Wellington with a visit. The gallant Duke descended to the hall to receive his Imperial Majesty and the Prince Consort, himself conducting them to the splendid saloons on the first floor of the mansion. The Emperor appeared delighted to meet the gallant Duke, and after shaking hands very cordially with him entered into conversation for some minutes, complimenting his Grace on the splendour of his mansion and its appurtenances. Thence the Royal cortege drove back to the embassy, where the Emperor alighted and took leave of the Prince Consort.

At half-past 4 o'clock the Emperor retired to his private apartments, and being excessively fatigued from the exertions of the last few days, fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until nearly 6 o'clock. During this interval his Majesty the King of Saxony, attended by Baron Gersdorff and M. Minkowitz, called at the embassy. The King would not allow the Emperor to be disturbed, and left Ashburnham-house without seeing His Majesty.

At a quarter to eight o'clock three of the Royal carriages drove up to the embassy, for the purpose of conveying the Emperor and his suite to Buckingham Palace, and a few minutes before that hour his Imperial Majesty, accompanied by General Count Orloff, got into the first, his suite entering the succeeding carriages, which together drove off in the direction of the Palace.

The Emperor wore the full dress uniform of a general officer, and all the members of his suite (with the exception of Baron Brunow and Dr. Reinolds), were similarly attired.

His Imperial Majesty returned to the Palace about 11 o'clock, and slept at the Embassy last night.

This day the Emperor will proceed from London to Windsor Castle, on a visit to her Majesty, the court being about to remove to that magnificent palace.

Times of Monday, June 3d.

Imperial Parliament.

GOVERNMENT OF CANADA.

House of Commons, May 30.

The order of the day having been moved for bringing up the report on the Committee of Supply.

Mr. ROEBUCK drew attention to the present state of the government of Canada. He took a retrospect of Canadian affairs from the time of the Union. He revived some of the charges against Lord Sydenham, of obtaining a majority in the local Parliament by altering the electoral districts and by other

manœuvres; and of importing into Canada violence and corruption at elections. Sir Charles Bagot succeeded; he said that he meant to govern the colony on the principle of giving the people a responsible Government; and the people forgot their injuries as soon as a proper representative Government was given to them. On assuming the administration, Sir Charles Metcalfe also said that he meant to govern on the principle of responsible government; but he never took the trouble to explain what he meant by the term. In fact, he violated the principle; and particularly in the appointment of persons to local offices without any consultation with the Executive Council. Of these appointments so made was that of the Speaker of the Legislative Council. This appointment was offered without any advice with the Council; and the people heard for the first time in the streets of Kingston that the offer of this high office had been made to one of their bitterest opponents. He should like to know what the right hon. Baronet at the head of the Government would say if he were to hear that the office of Speaker of the House of Lords had been offered to Lord Cottenham. Yet the two cases were exactly analogous. It was fair to draw the analogy. This was an internal piece of policy, and was bringing the question in dispute to an issue. They went not to vague generalities, but, taking a specific case, they said, "Such is the polity you have pursued in this case; do you intend to continue it?" And the answer of Sir Charles Metcalfe was, most distinctly, that he did; declaring, to use his own phrase, "that he would not violate his duty by surrendering the prerogatives of the Crown." The Executive Council then said, "In that case we can no longer act as your Ministry;" and they tendered their resignations, which Sir Charles Metcalfe accepted; and from that day to this the colony had been without an Administration. There was a Governor-General, and nothing else; the present Ministry consisted of Mr. Daly and Mr. Draper; and Mr. Daly, though he acted with the Governor, had not accepted office, to avoid the necessity of being re-elected. At the end of this year, the Canadian Parliament will cease to exist; and then the majority against the Government must be increased. The course pursued by the Government had had the effect of uniting the Democratic party of Upper Canada with the Liberals of Lower Canada; and the force of circumstances had produced a united party against the Government, in Parliament, so powerful that they could not overcome it; and they had, therefore, no hope but in one of two things—either to yield to the will of the people or to govern by the bayonet. There was no alternative left. At present Sir Charles Metcalfe was the sole Governor of Canada: was that the sort of government the noble Lord the Secretary for the Colonies contemplated when he spoke of a responsible government? He would ask the noble Lord whether his understanding of a responsible Government meant a Government like that now existing in Canada—a Government carried on by a Governor-General without any responsible advisers; or whether his idea of a responsible Government was a Government chosen out of those persons who enjoyed the confidence of the people expressed in the representatives they return to the Legislature, as was understood and expressed by Sir Charles Bagot? He pointed to the Montreal election as having gone against Government; and denied that more violence had taken place there than is common in Covent Garden at Westminster elections. There were other causes of complaint; private bills were passed in this country—measures like the charter given to the British North American Bank, and the act giving powers to the North American Colonization Company; for he contended that no private bill affecting the interests of a colony ought to be passed without due notice to that colony. He concluded with a warning. The attempt to tax the colonists, and to impose on them a permanent civil list without their consent, had occasioned us the loss of the United States; the discontent in Canada was the result of the same system of interference. Treat the Canadas fairly, and they would remain the firm friends of the Mother-country and of British connexion; but continue the system now pursued, and they would become the firm supporters of Democratic institutions, and the chances of their union with the United States would be increased.

Lord STANLEY, who remarked that he had expected Mr. Roebuck to close with some motion, contended that the principles asserted, if pushed to the extent contemplated by Mr. Roebuck, would be inconsistent with Monarchical institutions; but even admitting their truth, still Ministers would give to Sir Charles Metcalfe their cordial approbation. He should be prepared on the part of Government to express their unqualified approval of Sir Charles Metcalfe's conduct in two matters which had been made grounds of accusation against him by the Executive Council. The Governor-General had stated publicly, and it had not been contradicted—it had been stated by one of those who still adhered to his Government, and in the presence of the Executive Council who had left him—that the Executive Council demanded from the Governor-General that he would agree, under his hand and seal, to make no appointment and no offer of an appointment whatever, without previously taking the advice of the Council; that the list of candidates should always be laid before them, and that they should have the power to recommend any other persons at their discretion, and that the Governor-General should not make any appointment which they might consider prejudicial to their views; in other words, that the whole patronage of the Crown in the colony should be surrendered to the Executive Council for the purpose of Parliamentary support. It was not merely that the Council said to the Governor-General, you must act with us—you must consult with us—with regard to all the great measures of Government; but it was this—you must bind yourself under your hand and seal, that under all circumstances, and on all occasions, no appointment to any Government-office shall be made without our consent; the patronage of the Crown in every direction and in every department shall be, by an instrument under your hand and seal, submitted to the Executive Council. Sir Charles Metcalfe at once rejected that proposal; and Lord Stanley thought he was right in rejecting it. Lord Stanley contended that the forced analogy between a colony and this country, where the Sovereign is not responsible, cannot hold good. The Sovereign, in deference to the opinion of the constitutional advisers of the Crown, made the appointment on the recommendation of the Minister; and every Minister, in making a recommendation to the Crown, so far as higher and more important considerations would permit, paid, and was bound to pay, deference to the personal convenience, wishes, and feelings of the Sovereign; and, on the other hand, although the Sovereign had the power to reject the appointment recommended by the Minister, it was usual to sacrifice all personal considerations to the public advantage. But the case of a colony was totally different from that of this country. Here the people respected the dignity of the Crown from its hereditary nature, and were influenced by a loyalty and attachment to the person of the Sovereign and the Monarchy that was almost inherent. Then there was the House of Lords. In the colony, the Governor, with the salary of a country gentleman, responsible to the Crown, a stranger to the colony, has but small influence and authority; and the Legislative Council has none of the influence of a Peerage. Place that Governor and the Legislature so consti-

tuted in the position of a Minister being himself responsible, and compelled to act in every respect with Parliament, stripped of all real power and authority, liable to act under the control of the leading politicians and parties of the day, and what would they institute in Canada? That which, but for the influence of the Crown and the Peerage, and the necessity of the Prime Minister of this country possessing the confidence of the House of Commons, would be the result here, a Republican government. Lord Stanley referred at considerable length to Lord Durham's Report, and Lord John Russell's despatches, to show that they had not given so extended a meaning as Mr. Roebuck to the term "responsible government"—that is, the government of the Colonial Parliament. He proceeded to define responsible government in his acceptance of the term. He understood by responsible government, that the Administration of Canada was to be carried on by heads of departments enjoying the confidence of the people of Canada—enjoying the confidence of the Legislature of Canada for the due exercise of the functions of their departments; and more, that the Governor, in preparing and introducing with his sanction legislative measures to the Colonial Parliament, was to be guided by the advice of those whom he had called to his councils; that he was to introduce measures upon the advice and information of the local authorities throughout the kingdom, taking the responsibility of their conduct through the Colonial Legislature. But if the hon. and learned gentleman asked this, whether he meant by responsible government that the Governor was to be a mere machine—a passive instrument in the hands of the Executive Council, or of any other different body—he replied that he did not so understand it. He quite well understood to what that led, but he did not understand that it was a constitutional method of governing a British colony. He therefore approved of the discretion exercised by Sir Charles Metcalfe in refusing his consent to a proposition which bound him in every respect to the will and pleasure of the Executive Council. But Sir Charles Metcalfe had signified his adherence to that principle which the hon. and learned gentleman desired to see established as the basis of Canadian Administration. The resolution adopted by the House of Assembly on the 3d of Sept., 1841, bore upon the face of it that the head of the Executive Government, being the representative of the Sovereign, was responsible to the Imperial authority alone, but that the internal management of local affairs could only be conducted by and with the assistance of the Council and the subordinate officers of the province. He did not now enter into the question of whether responsible government was or was not likely to be conducive to the prosperity and welfare of Canada—whether it was most likely to enlist in the ranks of a government the greatest number of men of talent, honour, integrity, and station. The principle had been fully recognised on the part of Government both here and in Canada; and it was upon the principle of that recognition that Sir Charles Metcalfe had avowed his determination to conduct the Government of that colony.

As to the facts stated by Mr. Roebuck, Lord Stanley read an extract of a despatch by Sir Charles, in which he said he had never made an appointment without consulting the Executive Council, and rarely otherwise than in accordance with their recommendation. Nor must the House run away with the idea that it was a question in which the Colonial Government or the Government at home were interested. Long since, the whole of the patronage of the Crown in North America had been placed in the hands of the Governor; and for himself, he could say, that he had not had the distribution of £50 worth of patronage in North America since he had held the reins of office. All the appointments had been made, on recommendations of the Governor-General, from residents in the colony; and he declared that since he held office, he had never, by instruction, recommendation, hint, or suggestion, interfered, directly or indirectly, with any appointment which had or had not been made in Canada. Let not the honourable and learned gentleman tell him that the distribution of patronage in a country like Canada is of such little importance that it might be safely or could be wisely intrusted to the absolute discretion of the dominant political party of the day. He doubted whether it was for the advantage of any small community—he was sure it was not for the advantage of a colony—that political patronage should be dispensed as a reward for political subservience. Let him illustrate the principle. He went on to point out the mischiefs that might arise from such a system where almost all the leading men are of one profession—the law: and then he enlarged on Sir Charles Metcalfe's peculiar fitness for his post, from his mildness, practice in business, princely munificence, and other high qualities; pointing to his services in India and Jamaica. As to the distribution of patronage, no single act was laid to his charge; no single act, legislative or administrative, was impugned. Yes, there was one that he reserved for the consideration of the Crown—an act which he permitted them to introduce. "That act was against secret societies. It was directed by the party in power against a party obnoxious to it—I mean the Orange party. I have no sympathy whatever with that party. I believe that any advantage derived from the loyalty they profess, and which I believe they sincerely feel, is more than counterbalanced by the religious animosities and political dissensions which as a body they excite. I repeat, I have no sympathy with Orange lodges, and I regret their existence in Canada and elsewhere. But the Council pressed on Sir Charles Metcalfe not that he should pass an act, but that on his own authority he should give effect to an act analogous to the party-processions of this country, and which would have the effect of virtually proscribing every person that belonged to an Orange society. Sir Charles Metcalfe declined; but he permitted them to introduce a bill, which he afterwards objected to as being unconstitutional. That the term was not too strong, would appear upon stating the leading provisions of the bill. Every Orangeman was declared by the bill incapable of holding municipal or civil office, of serving in the militia, or serving as jurors when challenged. Every person holding office was to make affidavit that he was not an Orangeman; and penalties of the severest character were inflicted for holding office without making such an affidavit. In the last place, the furniture was sold and licence forfeited of any public-house in which a lodge was held. What did the Governor do? He had power of assenting to any act in the name of the Crown, leaving it to the Crown to disallow his decision if it were thought proper. He has the power, and according to his instructions, he was bound to cause any bill of an extraordinary or unusual character to be reserved for the signification of the Queen's pleasure: the effect of which was, that such a measure should not become law until the Crown in person signified its assent or dissent. The course he took was pursuant to his instructions: he reserved the bill for the signification of the Queen's pleasure, in order to leave to the constitutional advisers of the Crown the discretion of exercising that prerogative which he felt too weighty to take on himself. And that was the single executive, administrative, or legislative act with which the Council found fault; and that on the ground that the exercise of the prerogative should be controlled by the advice of the very party to the passing of this bill." Referring to what Mr. Roebuck had said of private measures, Lord Stanley said, that when the American Colonization Com-

pany asked for a bill, he did not refuse it, but he said that it must not take effect until it should have received the assent of the local Legislature. He read a despatch which he had written in answer to an address from the Legislature complaining of the Civil list, in which he said his Majesty would gladly owe the provisions of the Civil list to the spontaneous bounty of the Canadians; and that if the Legislature, in concert with the Governor, provided a Civil list adequate to the purposes intended by Parliament, he should gladly introduce a bill removing any restriction on the finances of the United Province. As to the Montreal election, he declared that his information was quite at variance with Mr. Roebuck's; for he understood the election to have been controlled by an organized band of Irish labourers from Lachine Canal. He concluded by pointing out the financial and commercial advantages which Canada enjoys from the British connexion; and expressing his trust, that instead of listening to the counsels of unprincipled demagogues, the colonists would take for their guidance the liberal, sound, and honest views of their Governor-General.

Mr. HUME expressed a high opinion of Sir Charles Metcalfe, and imputed his failure to the trammels cast over him by Lord Stanley. [Lord STANLEY disclaimed the imputation.] He dreaded the worst consequences from the present state of things: no one regretted more than he did the resignation of the late Canadian Ministers; and he hoped that both parties would relax a little in their extreme courses.

Mr. CHARLES BULLER vindicated responsible government, and defended Sir Charles Metcalfe. He insisted that the want of responsible government had produced all the disorders in Canada; and that the observance of it, so long as the principles of Lord Durham's Report had been acted on, had produced contentment to the people. In every instance of a Parliamentary Government, the business of that Government must be carried on by heads of departments, who enjoy the confidence of the Executive authority, and of a majority of the Legislative Assembly; and no man could seriously think of saying, that in the appointment of every subordinate officer in every county of Canada the opinion of the Executive Council was to be taken. No man could seriously believe that any one thought that a revenue-officer in a remote county of Canada would be appointed by any Government otherwise than by recommendation of the local authorities. No ruler could hope to carry on the business of Government if he did not take that course; for the local authorities were those alone who could possess the knowledge requisite for giving a sound recommendation in such a case. So far, then, they were agreed as to the principles upon which Canada ought to be governed, and he might say that the people of Canada had had the full benefit of those principles; but he disagreed from some Hon. Members as to the facts. In the first place, Sir Charles Metcalfe did not violate the principle of responsible government; in the second, he did not turn out his Executive Council; and in the third, he did not refuse in the manner stated the pledge which had been demanded of him. There was a story that Sir Charles Metcalfe had made a number of appointments selected from the opponents of Government: but not one case was specified; for the Speakership of the Legislative Council was offered after the resignation. The fact, then, was, that a set of gentlemen resigned because, as they said, appointments had been made without consulting them; and yet, when called upon to state what those appointments were, they could not mention a single one. The unfortunate consequence of that had been, no doubt, that the Government of Canada had not been filled up satisfactorily; that the Governor-General, not wishing to throw himself immediately into the hands of his political opponents, had not been able from among his own supporters satisfactorily to fill up the offices of the Government. But, after all, his Hon. and Learned Friend the Member for Bath had rather overstated the mischiefs that had resulted; for many of the offices of the Government had been filled; that of Provincial Secretary by Mr. Daly, of Attorney-General by Mr. Draper, and of Solicitor-General of Lower Canada by Mr. Barnard. Glancing at the Montreal election, he declared that it had been carried by violence; and one fact in corroboration was, that only one-third of the French electors polled. Should the Local Parliament approve the conduct of the retiring officers, Sir Charles Metcalfe must appeal to the constituent body; and he believed that such an appeal would be responded to by the good sense of the electoral body. But, in order to give that good sense fair play, one thing must be done in this country, and that was, that Parliament should strongly express an opinion as to the question at issue between Sir Charles Metcalfe and the Executive Government, and as to the course which the Government and the Parliament were prepared to pursue. The tone adopted by the Noble Lord, he must say, would be most satisfactory to the people of Canada; and he believed that it would be so because he understood that the Noble Lord was prepared to support Sir Charles Metcalfe—["Hear, hear," from Lord Stanley]—because he understood that the Noble Lord's support was not confined to one part, but to the whole of the Governor-General's policy—because the Noble Lord approved of the marked attention paid by Sir Charles Metcalfe to the sound and fair practice of government, and of his resisting any the slightest infringement upon the fair prerogatives of the Crown. ["Hear!" from Lord Stanley.] His firm belief was, that if it was once fairly stated to the people of Canada that such was the determination of the Legislature and Government of this country, the people of Canada would gravely and seriously consider the consequences of maintaining a contest with this country on grounds so untenable as those which their leaders had taken.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL briefly and approvingly reviewed the administration of Lord Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot, and Sir Charles Metcalfe; thinking that the last could not do otherwise than resist the demands of the Executive Council. If it was their opinion that Sir Charles Metcalfe was to listen to them and not obey the instructions which he had received from England, he must say they took an exaggerated notion of their power and importance; and, taking the authority of Sir Charles Metcalfe for the facts, it appeared to him that he had been right in his disputes with the late Executive Council. There appeared to him some ground of hope, since those who were of the late Executive Council wished to have the demands which they made put on some other and different ground—that it arose from a want of general confidence which the Governor ought to have towards his Ministers. If they agreed that they would not insist upon any such demands, he thought it would be far easier for the Assembly of the Province to come to some further understanding on the subject. Sir Charles Metcalfe, or any other gentleman, would do well to observe that when persons were appointed to this office the general conduct observed towards them should be marked by openness and candour, which would inspire them with the same feelings. He did not take so gloomy a view as the honourable Member had taken; for he trusted that the Legislative Assembly of Canada would see that it was far better for them to have a man like Sir Charles Metcalfe carrying on the government, with no other view than to promote the interest of that province, than to enter into idle and vexatious disputes, which must retard the prosperity of the colony.

Sir ROBERT PEEL, like previous speakers, expressed his thorough ap-

proval of Sir Charles Metcalfe's conduct. Touching upon the theory of responsible government, he doubted whether a Governor in a small community could in all cases govern by a party: he could not properly do so through an intolerant party; as in the case of the French Canadians, for example, if their opponents had happened to possess a majority. Sir Robert wound up the debate with some conciliatory remarks spoken at the colonists—"While I am disposed, with my Noble Friend, to support Sir Charles Metcalfe, and to give him the full and permanent support of the Government, I do not wish to show any disposition to withhold from the people of Canada the fulfilment of every engagement held out to them, either by the Act of Union or by the general disposition manifested by Parliament in the course of the discussions on that question. I am perfectly satisfied that the only utility of our connexion with Canada must depend on that connexion being carried on with the perfect goodwill and concurrence of the people of Canada. Unless that connexion can be maintained with the goodwill and kindly affections of the people of Canada, it would be infinitely better that it should be discontinued than that it should be maintained by force. So far from wishing that anything should happen to weaken the good feelings and affections of the people of Canada, I trust that nothing has passed in the course of this debate calculated to have such an effect. On the contrary, I trust that the people of Canada will perceive that there has been a general desire on the part of this House and of the Government to support that able and distinguished man, who, under the pressure of severe suffering and ill health, discharges with zeal the important duties with which he is intrusted. I hope that this will be an inducement to the people of Canada to terminate those differences, and to see the impolicy of prolonging these unfortunate discussions. I believe that the determination shown on the part of the Parliament and the Government to support Sir Charles Metcalfe will not be without its effect; and that the people of Canada will be convinced that we do not ask any power or patronage but what we believe to be essential to the good government of Canada, and to enable us to maintain the connexion between the two countries. There appears to be a feeling in a part of the House that a vast majority of the people of Canada are adverse to the views of Sir Charles Metcalfe. Now, I very much doubt whether that is the fact. I hold in my hand a book containing some statements on this subject; and I find, that out of ninety-three addresses presented to Sir Charles Metcalfe, ninety of the addresses were in favour of his policy, whilst only three were condemnatory of it. I trust that this will be considered as an intimation, that when the present state of feeling has a little subsided, the people of Canada will feel, that if they by their conduct forced Sir Charles Metcalfe to retire from the government of that country, it would be very difficult to find a successor as competent to administer the public affairs of that country, or one more anxious or more sincerely desirous to confirm the interest and promote the permanent advantage and prosperity of the people of Canada."

The motion which had furnished the opportunity for this discussion was then agreed to.

COLONIAL ESTIMATES.

House of Commons, May 24.

The House went into committee on these estimates, and the following votes were agreed to:—£11,653 for ecclesiastical establishments in British North America; £12,232 for the Colonial Land and Emigration Board. In reference to the latter vote, Lord Stanley stated that there were plans under consideration for permitting the emigration of Hill Coolies to the West Indies and other colonies, but nothing had yet been determined upon. The following votes were agreed to:—£49,700 for salaries, &c., to stipendiary magistrates in the West Indies; £12,000 for religious and educational institutions for the negroes; £35,000 for the liberation of slaves in the West Indies; £24,000 for slave trade suppression commissions; £107,300 for consular establishments abroad; £20,000 for extraordinary expenses of foreign embassies.

On the same evening, in answer to a question from Mr. LABOUCHERE,

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that the Government had granted permission for the establishment of bonded warehouses in Manchester merely as an experiment; but they did not mean at present to extend that permission to other towns.

The House, at its rising, adjourned for its Whitsuntide holidays, till the 30th May.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

Sir R. PEEL has given notice that, on the 3rd of June, he will bring forward the Sugar question; on the 6th, the Dissenter's Chapels Bill; and on the 7th, the Scotch Parishes Bill.

Mr. VILLIERS has postponed his motion on the Corn Laws until the 18th of June.

On the 20th ult., the House having resolved itself into Committee on the Bank Charter resolutions, a long debate ensued, after which the resolutions proposed by Sir Robert Peel were agreed to.

On the 23d ult., there was some discussion of a lively and peculiar character raised in the House of Lords on the Lancaster and Carlisle railway bill, Lord Brougham considering himself particularly aggrieved by the conduct of the company, in their proposed mode of passing his property; and having procured the addition of a clause to enable him, as Lord Campbell said, "to erect gates across the Queen's highway, and that, too, upon the great north road." But the matter took a wider and somewhat more personal range than the merits of a particular clause in a railway bill. Lord Brougham attributed the opposition to the clause to feelings of spleen towards himself; whereupon the Marquis of GLANRICARDE got up, and, with much warmth, rebuked the noble and learned lord for overrating himself; he had great abilities, eloquence, and so forth, but other and higher qualities were requisite to the formation of a great man. Two remarks of the noble marquis called up Lord Brougham again, who affirmed that he had good Whig authority for abandoning his party, inasmuch as Earl Grey himself had written to Lord Howden, stating that, if he were present in Parliament, he would support the Government. The report of the debate does not admit of a brief abridgment.

Foreign Summary.

Mr. Shaw, the Recorder, gets £4000 a-year by the death of Counsellor Limerick Chronicle.

It is said that the gold and silver plate at Windsor Castle is valued at £2,000,000!

Sir Robert Peel has granted 2000*l.* to assist in the publication of the collection of natural history made in Sir James Ross's voyage, &c.; one moiety to be expended in the botanic, and the other on the zoological plates of new plants and animals.

The Earl of Rosse has commenced melting, at Birr, the speculum of a

"monster" telescope, the weight of which will be four tons. The last one, called by Sir James South "The Leviathan," weighed three tons, and is not polished off as yet.

The Right Rev. James Bowstead, Lord Bishop of Lichfield, having died intestate, letters of administration of his estate have been granted by the Prerogative Court of Canterbury to Joseph Bowstead, Esq., brother and next of kin. The deceased's residence was Eccleshall Hall, Stafford; but he died at Clifton, near Bristol. The administrator has sworn the personal estate to be under 10,000*l.*

Britannia.

We are glad to state that the iron trade becomes daily more prosperous: the price of iron is advanced, and the wages of the workmen have been increased in proportion.

EPSOM RACES.—At the Epsom races, on the 23d ult., the great Dery race was won by Mr. A. Wood's Running Rein, Orlando second, Ionian third, Bay Momus fourth. The value of the stakes, after the usual deductions, was 4,250*l.* Colonel Anson's Princess ran first for the Oaks, on the 25th; value 3,325*l.*

On the 22d ult., the Court of Directors of the East India Company entertained the newly-appointed Governor-General of India, Sir Henry Hardinge, K.C.B., at dinner, at the London Tavern, previous to his departure for the seat of his government in the East. The banquet was of the most sumptuous and magnificent character.

The newly-appointed Secretary at War, Sir T. F. Freemantle, is a baron of the Austrian Empire, the late baronet, who particularly distinguished himself at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, having been so created by the Emperor Francis I. in 1816, which title Sir Thomas received permission to inherit by sign manual, in 1822.

The King of the French has postponed for the present his visit to this country. It is, however, his intention, should no unforeseen obstacles intervene, to arrive here in September next. He will visit her gracious Majesty at her marine residence. Louis Philippe will be attended by two responsible advisers of the Crown—M. Guizot, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and, if circumstances allow of it, the President of Council, Marshal Soult, will be one of the official personages selected.

YORK MINSTER.—The restoration of the nave of York Minster may now be pronounced as completed, and the workmen have commenced taking down the wall which separates the nave from the transepts, and in a short time the whole will be thrown open to the public.

THE PRIZE COMEDY.—The committee appointed by Mr. Webster to award the prize of 500*l.* for the best prose comedy, illustrative of modern British manners and customs, concluded their labours on the 1st ult., their twentieth meeting, by adopting the piece entitled "Quid pro Quo, or the Day of Dupes." The title implies rather a lively and bustling affair, than a comedy of the romantic and philosophic school, and, we understand, is one well adapted to the company at the "little theatre in the Haymarket." It is written by Mrs. Gore.

On Tuesday, the 28th ult., his Majesty the King of Saxony arrived with his suite at Dover, in the Princess Alice steamer, from Ostend, and proceeded to Penhurst, on a visit to Earl Delawar. Next day he visited Earl Amhurst at Knowle, and returned to Penhurst. On Thursday, he visited Brighton, Chichester, and Portsmouth, and proceeded to the Isle of Wight, after sailing round which, he started for London, where he arrived on Saturday. He was met at the Nine Elms station by Prince Albert, who attended him to Buckingham Palace.

Rear-Admiral Bowles has been elected, without opposition, member for Launceston, vacant by the appointment of Sir H. Hardinge to the Governor-Generalship of India. He is a Conservative and a Lord of the Admiralty.

A letter from Vienna says:—"We are going to have a trial of an atmospheric railroad. A company has been formed here to construct one between Vienna and Huttelsdorf, by Hiertzing and Miedberg, on the left bank of the Wein. The expense will be 1,200,000 florins (3,000,000*l.*) All the shares, each of which is 10,000 florins, were disposed of the very day the prospectus of the company was published."

Upwards of sixteen sealing vessels engaged in the Newfoundland fishery, have been lost in the course of the late season in the ice, which is unusually heavy and dangerous.

It is confidently rumoured, that the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Sir Nicholas C. Tindal, intends to retire from the bench on the termination of Michaelmas Term next.

The extra guards which for some time past have been placed throughout Dublin garrison are discontinued, and the troops on duty are now reduced to the ordinary number.

Lord Huntingdon has given a large tract of mountain in the county Waterford, hitherto in dispute between him and Mr. Chearnley, to the cottiers, at 20 acres each, for a nominal rent.

In the iron trade in Wales the greatest number of men ever employed are at present fully occupied, with every prospect of a continuance.

New troops are about to be sent to Algiers, which has now become what Italy was said to be in the wars of the middle ages—the Frenchman's grave.

It is a fact, not generally known, that the eldest son of a peer of the realm is eligible to sit in the House of Commons without possessing the qualification required in the case of other members.

The King of Saxony, it is said, will make his intended tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, under the incognito of the Count Von Holmstein. He will be accompanied only by his physician, an aide-de-camp, and a chamberlain.

The Dublin Warder says, that, at a late meeting of the committee of the repeal association, Mr. O'Connell proposed that the association should be dissolved, but that he was outvoted. On the other hand, the *Mail* affirms that the rent is increasing.

THE GREAT BRITAIN.—The cradle for taking this behemoth of the deep through the dock gates is fast approaching to completion, and we are happy to hear that the projectors have not a shadow of doubt of accomplishing her extraordinary passage.

Places and property in Spain are changing hands rapidly. The lands of the famous Godoy, Prince of Peace, confiscated 36 years ago, have been recently restored by a private order to the family. The estates include the Palace of Buena Vista, lately given to Espartero, and the Soto de Reino, presented by the Cortes 30 years ago to the Duke of Wellington!!!

A synagogue, in a style of splendour surpassing any thing hitherto attempted in England, is about to be erected in the west of the metropolis. Sir Moses Montefiore has contributed 5000*l.* towards the building, on the understanding that the worship is to be according to the usages of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews.

HER MAJESTY AND THE TURF.—A correspondent of the *Morning Herald* states, "upon authority," that her majesty will positively honour one day, if not two, of the royal meeting at Ascot with her presence. He adds, "I can also contradict with equal pleasure the report, that the prince consort is not friendly to the sport of racing. So far from it, it is probable that the day is not remote when his royal highness will be a master of race-horses."

We regret to announce that General Pye Douglas died at his residence, Roschall, on the 21st ult. The General was in the 97th year of his age.

Mademoiselle Taghioni will perform six times at the Grand Opera of Paris this month, and she will dance a seventh and last time for her benefit. She will on this occasion bid farewell to the stage. After these *adieux* she will retire to the Lake of Como, where she has bought a house and a spacious garden, and is about to build a cottage.

The most absorbing event of the last fortnight, with the exception of O'Connell's imprisonment, has been the contest for South Lancashire. Mr William Brown, of the great American house, Messrs. Brown, Shipley, and Co., stood on the free trade, Mr William Entwistle on the agricultural interest. It was a fierce struggle, which ended in the return of Mr Entwistle by nearly 600 votes. Both parties fought desperately. It will be known to such of our foreign readers as are acquainted with English society, that while in the great towns and cities the merchants and manufacturers rule paramount, in the rural districts the aristocracy are literally the lords of the soil and of the people. Out of a constituency of 18,000 in the southern division of Lancashire, where the population is upwards of a million, the landed aristocracy retain, in the shape of tenants-at-will, and copyhold and leasehold voters, nearly 6,000, or about a third of the constituency, under their own influence. The agriculturists, to whom the free-trade theory is peculiarly obnoxious, supported Mr Entwistle with all their influence and energy, while his opponent depended upon the *bona fide* freeholders in Liverpool, Manchester, Wigan, Blackburn, and elsewhere. No solitary election, since the city of London returned Mr Pattison on the League's principles, has excited half so much interest. The triumph of the protectionist has been hailed as the League's death-blow; Mr Cobden, who took an active part in the contest, contending, on the contrary, that though his party did not succeed on the present occasion, they will the next, and that the fact of their having reduced the majority since the last election in 1837 by upwards of 1,200, is very consolatory under defeat. So important was this contest deemed, that most of the London daily papers sent down their own special reporters to give the proceedings to the world, and the speeches and the polling were forwarded to the metropolis by special engines engaged for the purpose, at an enormous outlay.

TURKEY.—The accounts from Albania are of a very alarming nature. Notwithstanding the exertions of the Turkish Government, fresh atrocities are daily perpetrated upon the unfortunate Christians. The force under Reschid Pacha is deeply imbued with a feeling of hatred to the Giaour, and numerous desertions have taken place.

A letter from Constantinople, of the 27th April, says that the state of Albania becomes daily more and more alarming. The whole province is in a state of revolt, and bodies of the insurgents scour all parts of the country, committing the most frightful excesses. By the last accounts the town of Skotia was closely blockaded by an army of 15,000 Albanians. Ali Bey had arrived with a reinforcement of 3,000 men, and, after a desperate engagement with the Albanians, he broke through their ranks and entered the town. 800 men were left dead on the field. Hussein Pacha, who had entered Albania at the head of 5,000 men, had suffered great losses from sickness, and was obliged to retreat to Monaster in Roumelia.

We learn from Syria that the persons implicated in the fatal affair of Lattachia, are still unpunished. The Pacha, unwilling to award the punishment demanded by the French consul, referred the affair to the Divan. The French consul had demanded that the offenders should be carried back to Lattachia, to be bastinadoed on the same spot where they perpetrated the outrage.

Accounts from Athens, state that an extraordinary sensation has been created by the discovery, a few days ago, of a secret society, with ramifications, not only over all Greece, but in Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus. It is called "The Grand Brotherhood," and its principal object is to subvert the Government and the existing order of things, under the mask of religion and liberation of the fatherland. Some of the Athenian journals have published the by-laws and oath to be taken by the members.

Mr J. Laffitte, the celebrated French banker and politician, died at Paris on Sunday evening. The following summary of his character is taken from the *Globe*:—"In M. Laffitte, France has lost an honest but not a wise politician. At no period of his life did M. Laffitte exhibit talents as a statesman; and when the revolution of 1830 had created circumstances which made his appointment to an important post in the ministry almost a matter of course, he showed that he was as unfit to govern the finances of the State as he had been unsuccessful in the management of his own. On again joining the ranks of the opposition, M. Laffitte became remarkable for his hostility to every thing that emanated from the King; for, reasonably or unreasonably, he had conceived an opinion that the conduct of Louis Philippe towards him in his misfortunes had been one of base ingratitude. His avowed motives, however, for this hostility, which was, we hear, unabated to the last, was the breach of political faith of that sovereign; but it is more than probable that M. Laffitte, who was not a man of a very strong mind, could not separate personal from political considerations. As a man, M. Laffitte was eminent for some of the finest qualities of our nature. He was benevolent in the highest degree, kind and affectionate in his social relations, and warm in his friendships. As a financier, he owed more of his early success to circumstances than to his own capacity; and when misfortunes had come upon him, he made some attempts to extricate himself which brought his name before the tribunals in a way which gave pain to his friends. What M. Laffitte's fortune may have been when it was at its height, we know not; but if we may judge of it from his princely expenditure, it must have been very great. On the winding up of his banking concern, and his retirement from the ministry, he resided in great privacy, with only two servants, at his magnificent chateau, formerly the residence of the Count d'Artois, at Maison Laffitte, near Paris, and applied himself to the improvement of the remnant of his fortune, which he estimated at that time at nearly three millions of francs. About six years ago M. Laffitte entered into negotiations with a London banking-house, for the establishment of a joint stock bank in Paris; but

as the parties could not come to an understanding as to the mode of issuing the notes—the London bankers thinking that they ought to be on the same footing as in England, and M. Laffitte, on the contrary, being of opinion that if they did not bear an interest at 3 per cent. they would find no circulation in France—the negotiations were broken off; and M. Laffitte, who had gone too far to recede without exciting doubts of his own means of action, raised the required capital in Paris for the bank, of which he was at the head at the time of his death."

In the Scotch Free Church Assembly several financial reports have been produced. The amount received on account of the Sustentation Fund was 68,700*l.*; which allows a salary of about 105*l.* a year to each minister. The Central Building Fund was 85,927*l.*; the sum collected for local objects, by 458 congregations, 133,323*l.*; besides sums spent by 53 congregations which have built their own churches and made no return. The sums collected or subscribed during the year for all purposes connected with the Free Church amounted to 420,613*l.*

A Court of Directors was held at the East India House yesterday; when Lieutenant-General the Right Honourable Sir Henry Hardinge, K.C.B., Governor-General of India, was unanimously appointed to succeed to the office of Commander-in-chief of the Company's forces in India, in the event of the death, resignation, or coming away from India of General Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B.

A letter from Frankfort states that a commercial treaty has been concluded between the Hanse Towns and Texas. It has been sent to Houston to be ratified by the Texian Government.

The amount of "salt" collected at Elton, Montem was 1,338*l.*; the largest amount ever collected, except the salt of 1814, when the Allied Sovereigns were here, which exceeded 1,500*l.*

THE LATE COL. FAWCETT AND LIEUT. MUNRO.—In a letter to the papers Lieut. Cuddy, the second of Col. Fawcett, flatly contradicts the most material passages in that person's statement respecting the fatal intentions of Col. Fawcett at the moment of the duel. Lieut. Cuddy says:—"As to what passed between Mr. Munro and Mr. Grant, I can, of course, have no knowledge of it whatever; but, in justice to the memory of Col. Fawcett, I feel myself bound to contradict the statement made by Mr. Munro, to the effect that I was of opinion that Col. Fawcett intended to kill him, or 'that he (Mr. Munro) was moved at my suggestion off a target on which he would otherwise have been placed, and which plainly intimated the intentions of my principal.' The reverse is the fact. Col. Fawcett solemnly assured me, previous to the affair taking place, that, although he felt himself forced to meet Mr. Munro, no consideration whatever should induce him to fire at the husband of his wife's sister; and such was the case, as he did not discharge the pistol at all."

A letter is also given from Major Daubeny, who records Col. Fawcett's dying declarations:—"He repeatedly expressed in my presence his thankfulness to the Almighty, not only that he had not fired at Mr. Munro, but also that he had never intended to do so. He also told me that, although he had felt himself forced to meet Mr. Munro, he did so merely as a point of honour, and that it was his intention, had it been so permitted, to have left the ground with you immediately after receiving Mr. Munro's fire, adding also that you were perfectly aware of his intention on that head."

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM PEEL, R.N.—Mr. William Peel, who has just been promoted to the rank of lieutenant on the ground of merit, is the third son of Sir Robert Peel. He has, we believe, just attained his 19th year. He served three years in the Mediterranean on board the flag-ship the *Princess Charlotte*, and was present at the siege of Acre, and at the operations on the coast of Syria. He then went to China, and on his return to England was entered on board her Majesty's ship *Excellent*, at Portsmouth, for the purpose of going through the course of gunnery. In his letter to the Board of Admiralty, recommending Mr. Peel for promotion, Sir Thomas Hastings, of the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, after describing the young officer's proficiency in gunnery and navigation, says:—"I have also to add that Mr. Peel's conduct has been exemplary during his service under my command in every respect. I never (during my long service of 31 years in actual employment) met with a young man who entertained correcter principles of discipline, or who acted more steadily up to them. Under these circumstances, I beg leave to submit to your lordships' consideration how far it might be advisable for the well-being of these establishments to mark so rare a union of great ability, steady application, and exemplary conduct, by some mark of especial and public favour."

Naworth Castle, in Cumberland, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, was burnt down on Saturday last. The fire is said to have been discovered near the great hall, about noon; but it is not known how it originated. An inadequate supply of water, and the dryness of the old timber, rendered the engines ineffectual in arresting the work of destruction. This celebrated place was one of the most ancient baronial castles of the Border country. It belonged originally to the Dacre family; from whose possession it passed in the reign of Elizabeth, by marriage, to that of Lord William Howard, Warden of the Western Marches, the "Belted Will" of Border History, and the renowned ancestor of the present Earl of Carlisle. The castle was seldom the residence of its present possessors; but was an object of the greatest interest from its antiquity; and contained many curious and valuable relics, in armour and furniture, which have been for the most part destroyed with the building.

The Garter vacant by the death of the Earl of Lonsdale is conferred on Lord Talbot.

Last night's Gazette announces the appointment of Sir Thomas Fremantle to be a Privy Counsellor, and of Lord Arthur Lennox to be a Lord of the Treasury.

ROYAL MARRIAGES.—Two royal marriages are spoken of in the highest quarters, which are not devoid of meaning and importance. It is confidently asserted that two Neapolitan princesses are the *promised spouses* of the Duke d'Aumale and the Prince de Montpensier. One of the betrothed is the daughter of the late King of Naples, by his second wife, and a sister of the Duchess de Berry. The other princess is the daughter of the Prince of Salerno, and was lately refused to the Duke de Bordeaux. By these marriages the royal statesman of France will set at rest the suspicious entertained of his intentions upon the throne of Spain, and place it beyond the power of his restless subjects to complain of his not adopting a policy which would involve his Government in difficulties and his kingdom in a Peninsular war.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ATHLONE.—The demise of the noble earl took place on the 21st ult., at the Hague, where his lordship and family had for a long period resided.

DEATH OF MR. CROCKFORD.—A gentleman, who was in his 69th year,

expired on the evening of Friday se'nnight at his residence, Carlton-house-terrace, after an illness of short duration.

MONUMENT TO THE EARL OF DURHAM.—Preparations have been actively entered upon for the erection of the contemplated memorial in honour of the late Earl of Durham, on Pensher-hill, near the base of which runs the great northern line of railway.

General Post Office, May, 1844. Printed newspapers, duly stamped, addressed to any part of Canada, and marked by the sender to be forwarded "via Boston," will not in future, be liable to any charge for the conveyance by packet.—They will, however, be charged on delivery in Canada with a colonial rate of 1d. each paper, in addition to any United States postage due upon them for the transmission from Boston to the Canadian frontier.

In the *Quarterly Review* we find the following statement regarding the propagation of sound:—"When the ground is hard and dry, or rests upon a continuous stratum of rock, sound is propagated to a great distance; and hence it is the practice in many countries to ascertain the approach of horsemen by applying the ear to the ground. The sound of cannon has been heard at a great distance. Guns discharged at Carlscrona were heard as far as Denmark, a distance of at least 120 miles. In sailing from Asia Minor to Egypt, Dr. Clarke heard the sound of a sea-fight at a distance of 130 miles. Dr. Hearn heard guns fired at Stockholm, in 1685, at the distance of 180 British miles; and the cannonade of a naval engagement between the Dutch and English, in 1672, was heard across England as far as Shrewsbury, and even in Wales, a distance of above 200 miles." The good people of Dover assert that they heard the cannonading of Waterloo; and we also read of a sentinel at Windsor Castle, who heard St. Paul's Cathedral clock strike thirteen, which, as the story goes, saved him from the forfeit consequent upon sleeping on his post, or, in other words, death.

A curious duel has just taken place near Mayenne between two women, one armed with a sickle and the other with a shepherd's crook, with which they laid about them most intrepidly. One is said to be grievously wounded.

The Pope has addressed a letter to the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops, calling their attention to the efforts which are being made by various Bible Societies, and particularly by the Christian Society of New York, to produce religious dissent in Italy.

The *Great Western* is advertised to make three trips to New York this season—to start on the first, June 22d. We shall be glad to see this noble ship again.

Corvisart was not personally known to Bonaparte, nor did he owe his important appointment as physician to the first consul solely to the voice of public fame. It was Josephine who presented him, with the most flattering encomiums to her husband. "Tell me, doctor," said Josephine, "what disease is the general prone to, in your opinion?" "He will die of an aneurism of the heart," was the point blank reply of Corvisart.—"Ha!" said Bonaparte—"and you have written a book on the subject?" "No, not yet, but I will."—"Do so, do so quickly," said the great man, with some earnestness, "we will talk it over together if there is yet time."

SIR HENRY HARDINGE AND THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

At a Court of Directors of the East India Company, on Wednesday, Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Hardinge was sworn in as Governor-General of India.

The Directors entertained the new Governor-General at dinner, at the London Tavern, on Wednesday. The banquet was set out with great splendour, the table being covered with gold plate and wax lights; while the military uniforms and decorations of honour that abounded among the guests lent added brilliancy to the scene. The head of the table was taken by Mr. Shepherd; the Vice-Chairman was Sir H. Willett. Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Sir James Graham, Lord Stanley, Mr. Goulburn, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Thomas Fremantle, Lord Eliot, the Duke of Buccleuch, and several other Ministers, were among the guests; the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Frederick Pollock, and other dignitaries; Sir John McDonald and many military officers; the Duke of Buckingham, Viscount Combermere, Lord Jocelyn, Sir John Barrow, the Lord Mayor, &c.—about a hundred and fifty in all. After some routine toasts, the Chairman proposed "The health of Sir Henry Hardinge, Governor-General of India." In doing this, he alluded to Sir Henry's distinguished services in the Peninsula and at Waterloo; and stated that, without any previous concert between Government and the Court of Directors, the name of Sir Henry Hardinge had occurred to both as that of the fittest person to be appointed to the office of Governor-General.

He had that day had the pleasure of informing the right honourable and gallant gentleman, on his being sworn into the office of Governor-General, that the Directors reposed the utmost confidence in his judgment, and were prepared to afford him their most cordial support; that he had been selected not less because of their conviction that he possessed a firm, undaunted spirit, than because he was also endowed with a just, a generous, and a benevolent heart. They felt persuaded that while he would ever be ready to maintain the supremacy of power, he would also take a delight in furthering the happiness of the people of India. It was the earnest desire of the Directors, and he was sure every one would join with them in it, that his right honourable and gallant friend, after a long course of successful service in India, might, under Divine Providence, return to his native country, bearing with him the thanks and blessings of the people of India.

Sir Henry Hardinge suitably acknowledged the compliment; anticipating for himself more weight and authority in the performance of his duty from the support of the Directors and of his colleagues, and the sanction of the Queen—

"These considerations, however, of favour and confidence do not mislead me. I am fully aware of the difficulties of the undertaking. I can scarcely hope to fulfil all that I desire to accomplish; but I know also that I shall receive the assistance of able men in the civil service of the East India Company—that I shall be guided by the experience and knowledge of the Court of Directors and the noble Earl who occupies the station of Chief Commissioner for the Affairs of India at the head of the Board of Control; and I believe, also, I shall have another advantage, which to me will be of an incalculable nature—that of being able unreservedly to refer to my illustrious friend and commander, the Duke of Wellington. When the communication was first made to me by my right honourable friend at the head of the Government, and the proposal was made by the Directors that I should undertake the office, my first inquiry was, 'What is the opinion of the Duke of Wellington?' I was informed that he ap-

proved of my being selected; and then, I candidly confess, I did begin to entertain some hope that the expectations of the Directors and of my right honourable friend would not be entirely disappointed. For, gentlemen, the greater portion of my public life has been passed under the eye and instruction of my illustrious commander, the Duke of Wellington."

Saying that he hoped to ameliorate the condition of the people of India brought him to peaceful assurances—

"It is true that a large portion of my life has been spent in military avocations, but I think that I have been able to afford some guarantee that my own propensities are not warlike; on the contrary, I think I shall be a lover of peace. I may, perhaps, venture to say, that I have known the miseries and the risks of war: I cannot say that I have known its vicissitudes, because under that illustrious commander our armies never knew what vicissitudes were."

Appropos to the Army, these assurances were repeated—

"In everything that regards the Army I shall always take the deepest interest; but let its efficiency be what it may, and however brilliant its recent successes may have been, I hope that the result of those successes will be that which should always be the legitimate consequence of war—a long, lasting, and durable peace; and that the people of India will derive from those wars all the blessings of peace, in the amelioration of their condition, their improvement, their education—in short, in all those advantages which constitute the happiness and secure the prosperity of a nation. These, Sir, are the objects to which I shall turn my attention; and I hope I shall be able to show that I am as anxious as the people of this country can be that the blessings of peace shall follow the successes of war—that, great as the distance may be between this country and our Indian possessions, we are united in one common interest—that those peaceful pursuits shall be encouraged among the people of India which are necessary in order to secure their lasting prosperity and happiness. Peace and commerce are already restored with China; and a long-continued tranquillity prevails in almost every part of India, except in the case of those internal dissensions in the Punjab, with regard to which every possible precaution has been taken."

The Duke of Wellington was toasted; and in returning thanks, among other compliments which he distributed, he congratulated the Directors on their selection of a Governor-General. In proposing "The Health of Sir Robert Peel and the rest of her Majesty's Ministers," the chairman expressed his gratitude to them for their cordial co-operation in the selection of Sir Henry Hardinge. In returning thanks, Sir Robert Peel referred to Ministers' parting with so valuable a colleague, as the greatest proof of the deep interest which they felt in the welfare of India—

"For the advancement of the interests of that country, we have consented to sever our connexion with a colleague who was entitled to our entire confidence, and who possesses our esteem and regard as a private friend. We have consented to appoint to the government of that country a colleague who, as a soldier, has his name connected with Corunna, Albuera, and with the whole Peninsular war, and closed his military career on the plains of Waterloo. We have consented to part with a colleague who, in the administration of civil affairs exhibited a rare combination of temper, firmness, resolution, and moral courage. We have made this sacrifice in the belief that no other man would be better qualified for the great task he has undertaken."

A few other toasts having been given and acknowledged, the company separated.

JEWISH STATESMEN AND WARRIORS.

"The fact is, you cannot destroy a pure race of the Caucasian organization. It is a physiological fact; a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian Kings, Roman Emperors, and Christian Inquisitors. No penal laws, no physical tortures, can effect that a superior race should be absorbed in an inferior, or be destroyed by it. The mixed persecuting races disappear, the pure persecuted race remains. And, at this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries, of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws, which you still obey; of their literature, with which your minds are saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect. You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe, is organized, and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be in fact a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing itself under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolize the professional chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual christianity, and who is regius professor of divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Brenary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl, the unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But for the German professors of this race their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten in Berlin alone. * * * I resolved to go to St. Petersburg. I had on my arrival an interview with the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin: I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. Repairing to Spain, I had an audience with the minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuovo Cristiano, a Jew of Arragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris, to consult the president of the French council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts."

"And is Soult a Hebrew?"

"Yes; and several of the French marshals, and the most famous—Massena, for example; his real name was Manasseh; but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and meditative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the president of the council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes."

"You startle and deeply interest me."

"You must study physiology, my dear child. Pure races of Caucasians may be persecuted, but they cannot be despised, except by the brutal ignorance of some mongrel breed, that brandishes faggots and howls exterminations, but is itself exterminated, without persecutions, by that irresistible law of nature which is fatal to curs."

D'Israeli's Coningsby.

Office of Ordnance, May 18.—Royal Regt. of Artill. : 1st Lt. R. M. Mundy to be Sec. Capt. v. Murray, ret. on h.p.; Sec. Lt. M. S. Biddulph to be First Lt., v. Mundy.

War Office, May 24.—15th Light Drags. : Ens. G. A. Hartman, from 25th Ft. to be Cor. without pur. v. Blandy, prom.; Paymaster J. G. H. Holmes, from 35th Ft. to be Paymaster, v. Routh. Coldstream Regt. of Ft. Guards : Capt. the Hon. F. J. R. Villiers, from 73rd Ft., to be Lt. and Capt. v. the Hon. F. W. C. Villiers, who exchs. 3rd Foot : Lt. G. Bridge to be Captain without pur. v. Chatterton, dec.; Ens. T. G. Souter to be Lt. v. Bridge; J. Rochfort, Gent., to be Ens. v. Souter. 9th Foot : Lt. W. Monck, from 84th Ft. to be Lt. v. Montmorencie, appt. to 30th Ft. 11th Foot : Capt. J. Goold, from half pay Unatt. to be Capt. v. Chambre, prom.; Capt. C. Agnew, from half pay Unatt. to be Capt. v. E. S. Farmer, who exchs.; Lt. V. F. Story to be Capt., by pur. v. Agnew, who retires; Ens. J. R. T. H. Parker to be Lt., by pur. v. Story; J. Roe, Gent., to be Ens., by pur. v. Parker; J. S. Travers, Gent., to be Ens., without pur. v. Powell, removed to 49th Ft. 13th—Lt. T. B. Speedy to be Adj. v. Sinclair, prom.; Ens. C. C. Abbott to be Lt., without pur. v. Speedy; J. Nicod, Gent., to be Ens., v. Abbott. 15th—Capt. G. Pinder to be Mjr., by pur. v. Ellis, who retires; Lt. the Hon. F. Colborne to be Capt. by pur. v. Pinder; Ens. J. Wilkinson to be Lt. by pur. v. Colborne; E. H. Dering, Gent., to be Ens., by pur. v. Wilkinson. 22nd—Capt. J. Heatly, from 49th Ft., to be Capt., v. Chalmers, who exchanges. 23rd—Capt. D. Lysons, from the 3rd W. I. Regt., to be Capt., v. Alcock, who retires on half-pay Unatt. 25th—T. E. Bloomfield, Gent., to be Ensign, without pur. vice Hartman, appointed to 15th Hussars. 27th—Captain W. W. T. Cole, from 1st W. I. Regt., to be Capt. v. Neynoe, who exchs.—28; Lt. J. E. H. Price to be Capt. by pur. v. O'Connell, who retires; Ens. S. Read to be Lt. without pur. v. Grant, dec.; Ens. T. Mitchell to be Lt. without pur. v. Read, whose prom. has been can.; Ens. L. S. A. B. Messiter to be Lt. by pur. v. Pryce; E. Collins, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Messiter; C. G. Walsh, Gent., to be Ens. v. Mitchell.—40th; Ens. H. T. F. White, from 58th Ft. to be Ens. v. Symonds, app. to 99th Ft.—41st; Capt. W. L. Peard, from half-pay 62nd Ft. to be Capt. v. P. Brown, who exchs.; Lt. H. Downes to be Capt. by pur. v. Peard, who retires; Ens. E. R. Wethered to be Lt. by pur. v. Downes; S. H. Page, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Sutherland, prom. in 44th Ft.—42d W. G. Cameron, Gent., to be Ens. without pur. v. Machlachan, who exchs.—44th; Ens. A. J. Sutherland, from 41st Ft., to be Lieut., without pur. v. White, who rets.—48th: Capt. W. T. Servantes, from h.p. York Chasseurs, to be Capt., v. A. Donelan, who exchs.; Lieut. H. Bromley to be Capt., by pur. v. Servantes, who rets.; Ens. A. Selleck to be Lieut., by pur. v. Bromley; H. G. T. Elton, Gent., to be Ens., by pur. v. Selleck.—49th: Capt. J. Chalmers, from the 22d Ft., to be Capt., v. Heatley, who exchs.; Ens. C. L. Powell, from 11th Ft., to be Ens.—55th: Ens. G. H. Wynyard, from 99th Ft. to be Ens., v. White, app. to the 40th Ft.—59th: Lieut. W. Bridge, from 95th Ft., to be Lieut., v. Holmes, who exchs.—73d: Capt. the Hon. F. W. C. Villiers, from Coldstream Regt. of Ft. Gds., to be Capt., v. the Honourable F. J. R. Villiers, who exchanges; Captain D. G. Freer, from half-pay Unattached, to be Captain, vice the Honourable F. W. C. Villiers, who exchs.—95th—Lt. R. C. Holmes, fm. 59th Ft., to be Lt., v. Bridge, who exchs. 99th—Ens. J. J. Symonds, fm. 40th Ft., to be Ens., v. Wynyard, app. to 58th Ft. 1st W. I. Regt.—Capt. R. S. C. Neynoe, fm. 37th Ft., to be Capt., v. Cole, who exchs. 3d W. I. Regt.—Capt. J. P. Berry, fm. h.p., Unatt., to be Capt., v. Lysons, app. to 23d Ft. Unattached—Bvt.-Col. G. H. Zuhlicke, fm. Mjr. h.p. Portuguese Service, to be Lt.-Col., without pur. To be Majors without purchase—Bvt.-Col. Sir W. Chalmers, fm. Capt. h.p. 57th Ft.; Bvt.-Col. C. Beckwith, fm. h.p. Rifle Brigade. To be Capt. without purchase—Lieut. J. Goold, from 11th Ft. Brevet—Capt. W. L. Peard, 41st Ft., to be Major in the Army; Jan. 10, 1837. Capt. C. Agnew, 11th Ft., to be Major in the Army; Nov. 23, 1841.

War-Office, May 31.—6th Drags. : Lieut. H. Stone, from 37th Ft., to be Lieut., v. Fleeming, who exchs.—9th Light Drags. : Cor. A. Hawtrey to be Lieut., by pur. v. Colville, prom. in the Ryl. Canadian Rifle Regt.; C. F. Clifton, Gent., to be Cor., by pur. v. Hawtrey.—15th Light Drags. : Cor. W. B. L. Sleight to be Lieut., by pur. v. Norton, who rets.; W. V. Greetham, Gent., to be Cor., by pur. v. Sleight.—1st Regt. of Ft. : Capt. and Paymaster J. Espinasse, from 29th Ft., to be Paym., v. Sharp, dec.—2d Ft. : F. J. F. Payne, Gent., to be Assist.-Surg., v. Hunter, prom. on the Staff.—3d Ft. : Assist.-Surg. A. Smith, from the 17th Ft. to be Surg., v. Macqueen, deceased. 17th Foot : Assist.-Surg. J. S. Willes, M. D., from the Staff, to be Assist.-Surg. v. Smith, prom. in the 3d Ft.—27th Ft. : J. R. H. Becher, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Hamilton, who retires.—29th Ft. : Lieut. J. H. Clay, from 59th Ft. to be Paymaster, v. Espinasse, app. to the 1st Ft.—37th Ft. : Lieut. J. E. Fleeming, from the 6th Drags. to be Lieut. v. Stone, who exchs.—46th Ft. : Ens. J. E. Spilling to be Lieut. without pur. v. Moffatt, dec.; Ens. H. F. Sandwith, to be Lieut. without pur. v. Spilling, whose prom. on the 26th April, 1844, has been can.; J. H. Chambers, Gent., to be Ens. without pur. v. Sandwith. 47th Foot : R. C. Gordon, Gent., to be Ens., by pur. v. Peacock, who rets. 49th Foot—Lt. H. S. M. D. Pulton, from 62d Ft., to be Lt., v. Bartley, who exchs. 52d Ft.—R. W. Reade, M.D., to be Assist.-Surg., v. Robinson, app. to the Staff. 62d Ft.—Lt. W. T. Bartley, fm. 49th Ft., to be Lt., v. Pulton, who exchs. 70th Ft.—Capt. J. Brown to be Major, by pur. v. Taylor, who rets.; Lt. W. R. Brereton to be Capt., by pur. v. Brown; Ens. G. A. Schreiber to be Lt., by pur. v. Brereton; G. Ryan, Gent., to be Ens., by pur. vice Schreiber. 73d Ft.—Lt. W. B. Faunce, to be Capt., by pur. v. Sandeman, who retires; Ensign Charles Hoghton to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Faunce; William Nash, Gentleman, to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Hoghton Rifle Brigade: Capt. R. Walpole to be Maj. by pur. v. Saumarez, prom.; Lt. H. O. Bowles to be Capt. by pur. v. Walpole; Sec. Lt. J. F. Beckwith to be First Lt. by pur. v. Bowles; A. Lowther, Gent., to be Sec. Lt., by pur. vice Beckwith. Royal Canadian Rifle Regt. : Lt. C. J. Colville, from 9th Light Drags., to be Capt. by pur. v. Edwards. Unattached: Brevet Col. the Hon. C. Gore, from Major h.p. Unatt., to be Lt.-Col., without pur.; Major the Hon. John St. V. Saumarez, from the Rifle Brigade, to be Lieut.-Col., by pur. v. Gen. Alexander J. Goldie, who rets.; Brevet Col. W. Campbell, from Capt. h.p. 23d Ft. to be Major, without pur. Brevet: Major A. M. Tulloch, h.p. Unattached, Military Superintendent of Out Pensioners, to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army.

HOSPITAL STAFF.—Asst.-Surg. W. Robinson, M.D., from the 52d Foot, to be Assistant-Surgeon to the Forces, vice Willes, appointed to the 17th Foot.

MEMORANDUM.—The Christian names of Ens. Coles, of the first Foot, are Richard George, and not Thomas George, as previous stated.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, May 28.—Royal Regt. of Artillery.—First Lt. Charles

Lionel Fitzgerald to be Second Captain, vice Robertson, deceased; Second Lieutenant Henry Arthur Vernon to be First Lieut., vice Fitzgerald.

MEMORANDUM.—The dates of promotion of the under-mentioned officers have been altered as follow :—Sec. Capt. P. Maclean, April 14, 1844 : Sec. Capt. A. Benn, April 15, 1844; Sec. Capt. R. M. Mundy, April 23, 1844; First Lt. Hon. W. C. Yelverton, April 14, 1844; First Lt. S. Robinson, April 15, 1844; First Lt. M. S. Biddulph, April 23, 1844.

Twelve-and-a-half cents will be given at this Office for No. 16, Vol. I., of the Anglo American.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9 s 1-4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1844.

By the Mail Steamer *Acadia*, we have our London files to the 3d and Liverpool papers to the 4th inst. inclusive, containing much that is interesting and important.

The Cotton Market continues somewhat depressed, and buyers continue wary; prices may be quoted about 1-4d. below the last accounts.

The O'Connell trials have terminated, the traducers being called up for judgment on Thursday, May 30, and sentence was pronounced as follows :—On Mr. O'Connell, Sen., imprisonment for one year, together with a fine of £2000, and he to enter also into recognizances to the amount of £5000 and two sureties, for his peaceful demeanour for the next 7 years. The other traversers were sentenced to imprisonment for nine months each, a fine of £50 each, and enter into their own recognizances to the amount of £1000, and two sureties, of £500 each, for their peaceable demeanour during the ensuing seven years. Thus ends this too long protracted affair; too long both both for the country and for the delinquents, for the former have been kept in needless agitation, and the latter could not be unaware that this must be the ultimatum. It is true that Mr. O'Connell affects to say that he will cause the affair to be carried to the Lords, and it is not improbable that he may do so, for the funds of the Repeal Association are not yet exhausted; but he no more expects to carry his point there than he now expects the Repeal of the Union. The sentence delivered by Mr. Justice Burton is in becoming style and beautifully expressive, but we trust it was not accompanied by that mandarin exhibition of sensibility which is ascribed to him in some of the journals. These men (the traversers) have been extreme disturbers of the public peace; they were exceedingly intemperate in their language and insolent in their manners, when there was apparently no action of the government against them; they might and probably would have been the causes of much bloodshed in the course of their illegal career; they have actually been the causes of deep heartburnings which must occasion much social, political, and religious evil in their country for a long time to come; they have squeezed from ignorance and poverty the pittances which have swelled the treasury of their association, and administered to their own luxury; they have been reckless of everything but the advancement of their own illegal designs; and yet it is to be supposed that a judge on the bench has his heart swollen with sighs and his eyes suffused with tears, when he condemns to just punishment those innovators of the public peace, those movers towards the great national calamity of civil war! We have been censured ere this for asserting that O'Connell pretended to command. Let our readers look at the proclamation of that man after his sentence was pronounced; let them there see the very word of command, and the demand for obedience; let them observe how even yet, he seeks to delude—we suppose for consistency's sake—his unhappy followers, whom farther to delude cannot long be possible. The sentence is a light one in most respects, one exception only there is to its mildness, namely the full year's imprisonment of a man at Mr. O'Connell's advanced age. But as Scott says of Fergus Melvor, "he knew the stake he played for," and it must be further observed that he was no longer a hot-blooded young man whose vivacity might be palliated; this part of his sentence is severe, but not too severe for the majesty of the offended laws, and for the example which at this time is needed.

The contest for South Lancashire, on which the Anti-Corn-Law League put forth all their strength, has ended in what will be considered their defeat; Mr. Brown their candidate being headed at that election by Mr. Entwistle. The votes of the losing candidate, however, were well brought up, and the liberals polled more this time by 1200 than at any former election, and the League have confident hopes that they shall succeed next time. Of Mr. Entwistle's number, 7,524, it is well known that more 6,000 were under the actual command of his party. Besides this actual "bringing up of lee-way" on the part of the League, it is said that they have another consolation; Mr. Entwistle is moderately liberal in his considerations on Free Trade, and will be likely to support measures tending that way to a certain degree; he is a sort of Peel man, inclined to modify although not to "go the whole pace," hence it is not an entire failure to the leaguers to have him in. On the contrary it is said that Mr. Brown, the defeated candidate, is liberal on the corn question and on manufacturing questions only, but that on nearly all political subjects he is a decided Tory. It does not follow, therefore, that there should be much of either elation or depression of spirits in this strife of party.

London, and indeed England generally, is likely to be exceedingly gay this summer, and to put forth all its glories to the sight of the illustrious visitors who throng to do honour to our gracious Queen. The Emperor of Russia is there, and the King of Saxony; the King of the French will be there within a week or two of this writing, and the Royal strangers will see a country which in all its exteriors is like a garden, and in all its interiors is like either a beehive in industry, a palace in splendour, a caravanserai in hospitality. Never within the annals of any nation, from the creation of the world to the present

time, has there been so extensive a commingling of the great ones of the earth in friendly and hilarious intercourse. Some policy there may be, mixed up in it, for spirits of that kind are never entirely in repose, but it does not obtrude itself, it takes no prominent part, it hides in obscurity if there it be, and there is at least all the appearance of confidence, friendly feeling, and the amenities of private life.

Another "royal author" has appeared in the arena, in the person of His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville, Admiral, &c. &c. The Royal writer, either impelled by his zeal for the noble service to which he has devoted himself, or instigated thereto by the War party in France, has published a brochure in which he attempts to show the actual condition of the French navy, and what it might be made—what is the degree of superiority thereto which the British navy possesses, and how that degree might be diminished; the present claim of France to be considered one possessing maritime force, and how that claim might be increased. In short the Prince is not content that England should be considered as superior in her naval arm, but would have efforts made for the strengthening of the French marine, because he considers it just possible that there may hereafter arise hostilities between the two countries. Now considered politically, this pamphlet does not say much for his sagacity; and if considered professionally, it says but little more for his experience. It skills not to dwell upon this little *fanfaronade*, for we perceive that all the British journalists have had their joke out of it, but we do wonder how this fresh-water sailor, who can hardly have heard a gun fired in anger, should have been permitted, although a scion of royalty, to "bestow his tediousness" on such a subject.

The Bench and the Bar, independently of all political feeling, will contemplate with regret the rumored retirement of Lord Lyndhurst from his office of Lord High Chancellor, and from public life generally. His lordship has always been a busy man; at the bar, on the bench, and in Parliament, and his opinions and his judgment have always been greatly respected. He has been a lively man also, mixing in society as much as his graver occupations would permit. His constitution is now rapidly breaking up, and he is right to retire whilst he can do so with dignity, to enjoy the rest which remains to him, and with the confidence that at the present juncture his successor is sure to be one of his own complexion of politics. It is thought that either Sir William Follett, Mr. Pemberton Leigh, or Sir Edward Sugden, will succeed him, but the far greater majority of expectation is in favor of the first. We well remember Mr. Follett's earliest appearance in the Court of King's Bench, and even then prognosticated for him the highest honors of the legal profession. May he obtain them and wear them long; we are sure he will wear them worthily.

The parliamentary wasp, Mr. Roebuck, seems to be never satisfied except when he is throwing a brand into the legislative arena which may put "a little breeze in a breeze." Without any object except a little quiet vituperation on his own part, and to excite some feeling in others, without any motion in view on which his speech should be founded, he pretends to ask a question which *ipso facto* he does not ask, so as to give himself the opportunity of uttering his sentiments on the late Lord Sydenham, the late Sir Charles Bagot, and his present Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe. We do not enter upon the merits, or the demerits if any, of those distinguished officials, but surely, so far as the case went in the House of Commons on the evening of that debate, no question-asker ever retreated to his seat with so little satisfaction to himself as did Mr. Roebuck. We have given, elsewhere, the debate to which we allude, and sincerely we wish the late Provincial Council a more discreet agent in the Imperial Parliament, than this one who seems to have no other object than that of embroiling the mother country with her North American dependencies.

The Foreign news in our latest files is of little interest. The nonsensical book of the Prince de Joinville caused some sensation, and there has been some idle talk of preparing numerous steamers to protect the French coast—but against what? is the mystery. The most stirring French news is that of the death of the great banker and politician, Lafitte. He was in his 77th year.

Nothing worthy of note has occurred in either Spain or Portugal, except that the Count Bomfim has been well received in the former country, and that the latter has arrested an English merchant, a Mr. Tozer, under an allegation of having endeavored to excite disaffection to the government. He has demanded an examination and it has been refused him.

An *emette* in a small way has been got up in Switzerland, but that kind of fire cannot be sustained by the good Helvetians.

From India and China we have not any later intelligence.

LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—The numbers of this beautiful publication, which have arrived by the Acadia, very far surpass anything of the kind that has hitherto been imported here. That of May 25 contains "Epsom Race Course," "The American ship Princeton," "A portrait of Lord Zetland," "A view of a grand celebration in laying the foundation stone of a new Institution," "Road to Epsom Races on Derby Day," "The Warren, or mounting place at Epsom," "The Betting ring at Epsom," "The Conflagration at Naworth Castle—two views," "Charles Kemble reading before the Queen," "Barge day at Newcastle," &c. &c. The number for June 1. contains a gem which is really a wonder in the art of wood engraving; the subject is "Imogen," copied from Westall's painting of that beautiful subject, and is quite unique in its department of art. This number has likewise a fine, sharply executed engraving of "Old London," as exhibited in the Surrey Zoological Gardens; and an immense number of the peculiar costumes and scenes presented at that singular custom, "The Eton Montem," together with a graphic illustration of "A Yacht overset," a view of "The Hustings at the South Lancashire election," and some plates of "Ladies' Fashions." They are im-

ported and for sale by Mr. Brough, Sole Agent of the London Publishers, No. 117 Fulton Street, in this city.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

On Wednesday last a friendly match at Single Wicket was played at Brooklyn, on the Ground of the Union Star Cricket Club, between Mr. S. Shaw, a member of the St. George's, and Mr. Schofield, a member of the Brooklyn Union Star Club. This match was to be two Innings each. Mr. Shaw won the toss and went in; he took about 50 balls from his antagonist, made three runs and two no balls, and was finally bowled out. Mr. Schofield then went in, but being bowled out in fine style at the first ball by Mr. Shaw, he gave up the game to the latter.

On the same day another Single Wicket Match was played by Messrs. Parker and Dent, both of the Brooklyn Union Star Club, it was won with ease by the latter.

After the matches there was some very good practice playing by the Club and some visitors from the St. George's and New York Clubs. The noble game, in fact, is becoming exceedingly popular here; hardly a practice day occurs at the St. George's Cricket Club, without the party being a full eleven on each side, and the junior members are improving greatly. The same is remarkable of both the other Clubs, and the interchange of visits and mingling of the clubs in play gives quite a spirit for the game, whilst it draws numerous strangers to witness the sport.

It may be a *propos* to our friends of the St. George's Club to inform them that we have just received a letter from a Canadian Correspondent who states that the gentlemen of the Toronto Club are in full force, high spirits, and constant practice; and he states his opinion that it will be no easy task to beat them. They are beginning to speculate on the business before them, of playing against the St. George's men, and anticipate a victory. Well, let them gain it if they can, they are a set of fine fellows, and will fight manfully in the friendly contest; if they win the laurels they will wear them gracefully, but if faith they will not obtain them without a struggle.

SHOOTING CLUB.

We have within the last hour heard of the establishment of a Shooting Club at Brooklyn, under the title of "The Anglo-American Shooting Club," the rendezvous of which is at the house of Mr. H. Russell, a Brooklyn Cricketer, who has also named his residence "The Anglo-American House." If these names are intended as a compliment to our Journal, as our informant states to be the case, we thank them for the distinction; but we had scarcely dared to suppose that our young and unpretending "Anglo-American" could so soon give names to Clubs, Taverns, and Sports.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

Mlle. D'ORVEILLIERE'S CONCERT.—Had it not been for a note which accompanied our Tickets of admission, requesting a notice of this concert, we should have passed it by in silence; but we accord to the request, and here it is. Never, since we first took upon us the task of musical criticism, have we fallen in with such an instance of presumption as this, in which a person of no place in the musical world, and of no musical attainments whatsoever, has come forward in the hottest weather, when even the highest and best known artists must have dreaded a failure, to give a concert at a dollar per ticket. We have heard of other circumstances which, if true, add insult to presumption, and should change public contempt into public indignation. When we look upon the names in the bill for the occasion we cannot believe that the project of this concert originated with the person who thus announced herself as Mlle. D'Orveilliere, but consider this rather as an experiment which, if successful,—a most unlikely case—certain others would have its benefits, but if unsuccessful, as it has of course turned out, does not affect the professional character of any but herself. In short we consider the whole affair so gross an affront upon public taste and feeling, that all who have had any hand in its concoction should be sharply censured by public opinion.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The staple of the current week has been the performance of those light new pieces which have lately given so much satisfaction, namely, "Fortunio," and "The Lady with the Golden Locks," to which have been added a third called "The Devil's in it." In all these Mrs. H. Hunt greatly distinguishes herself by her spightly acting; and in the last she plays two characters, or rather a double character. The season is now drawing to its close, the benefits have commenced, and we shall presently be left to our hopes that the ensuing campaign may be with superior troops and carried on with vigour. Mrs. H. Hunt took her benefit on Monday evening, with all the above-named pieces in her bill, and Miss Turnbull took hers on Wednesday evening, having "The Devil's in it," "Bamboozling," and "Fortunio," together with some of her own specimens of dancing.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The manager has brought forward a new magnificent spectacle called "Nero, or The Captive Jewess," in which all those splendid accessories, for which the Bowery Theatre stands distinguished, are brought into play. These things are always so well drilled here also, that after the first night's representation there is rarely any part of the piece in confusion. The parts fall in like so much mechanism, and the illusive scene is complete. We apprehend that this attraction would of itself fill the house, large as it is, but the manager seems to have been bent on making "assurance doubly sure," for he has brought upon his stage for a few nights the company of Iowa In

dians who have lately encamped at Hoboken, and who go through their various rites, ceremonies, usages, dances, &c., in a manner that causes them to be highly interesting. The theatre is literally crammed, and small as the prices are the treasury must inevitably be filling.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—*Niblo and Mitchell* have evidently adjusted their harness and are running together at a capital rate. They have hit the public taste exactly, and it will be their own fault if they deviate from the right course. The burlesque of "A Night with the Forty Thieves" continues to be hailed with undiminished favor, and excellent houses every night attest the general satisfaction. On Monday evening a new piece was brought out, founded on the dance called "The Polka," which is at present so great a passion in the ball rooms of Europe. The piece is called "Polka-mania," and is not intended as a burlesque but rather as a means of exhibiting that dance performed in suitable style. The Polka is here danced by Miss Taylor and Mr. Wells, exceedingly well by the latter and very respectably by the former; the main fault in Miss Taylor being when she has to swing her partner, which is done with a coarse, violent, and hoydenish force which destroys its delicacy and point; all the rest of her dancing in the piece is good. This young lady has some good gifts of nature, and many faults of education; if we thought her incorrigible we should leave her without comment, but as we think she may yet rise to deserved eminence we continue to animadvert on her performances. Her natural good properties are thrown into the shade for the want of those which are to be acquired; now as we presume her emoluments and advantages are great whilst her expenses are not heavy, we would recommend that she employ some of her surplus in placing herself under proper instructors. We have again and again remarked upon the necessity of putting her vocalism under restraint, by obtaining the instruction of the most judicious master she can obtain, and one who knows the properties of the human voice; we have now to tell her that her dialogue in "Polka-mania" was altogether void of delicacy and feminine quality. It was loud, forward, coarse, and unsuitable to the character of a female possessing any of the graces of her sex. Greatly, very greatly, this needs amendment, and we trust that her natural good sense will induce her to apply herself forthwith to its improvement, under the guidance of a proper instructor. We should suppose either Mr. Hows or Mr. Vandenhoff could be useful in this matter; and, as we sincerely wish her to become as distinguished as we think she can be, we obtrude this advice upon her.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—We omitted in our last to mention that the popular favourite in low comedy, *Mr. John Sefton*, was playing an engagement here; he is drawing crowds to witness what most of the audiences have seen a hundred times before, namely, his *Jemmy Twitchee* in London, and *Mons. James* (the same character) in Paris. *Mrs. McClure* also has commenced an engagement here, and altogether the entertainments cause large audiences nightly.

Literary Notices.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HEATHS. Translated by *G. Fleming*, from the French of *Frederic Soulié*. New York, H. G. Langley.—This work is not only in itself a clever fiction, a romance of great interest, but is replete with much local information, and sheds new lights upon the history and manners of the singular tribes of Gypsies. These are generally considered a wandering race, and, so far as they do not possess fixed habitations, towns, or villages, they are so; yet they all have attachments to particular locations, to which they return from time to time, and never forsake unless they be forcibly and permanently driven out. The work before us, which is neatly and cheaply brought out, will be found both attractive and instructive.

HISTORY OF THE OREGON TERRITORY. By *Thomas J. Farnham*. New York, Winchester.—We have but cursorily looked over this work, and indeed from the meagre authorities it contains, we should not, under any circumstances, decide upon the merits of the author's arguments; but if the rule be good that, in controversies, those who first break out into invective and personality are commonly on the weaker side of the question, we shall have to say that *prima facie* Mr. Farnham is all wrong; for he cannot even get through his short preface without inveighing against the "insolent selfishness," the "grasping injustice," the "destitution of political honesty," &c., &c., of Great Britain; and he ends the tirade of which his book consists by alluding to the "unscrupulous and baseless claims of Britain." Silly man! He knows or ought to know that each party in this question possesses some confidence in the authorities it holds, yet that the whole is submitted to a full and fair investigation. The babbling author should remember that there may be many an important document to which he is not privy, and that injustice is not aimed at, but right wheresoever it may exist, and of which he neither is nor can be the judge.

THE SMUGGLERS OF THE SWEDISH COAST.—Translated from the Swedish of *Mrs. Emilie Carden*, by *Dr. G. C. Hebbe*, and *H. C. Deming*.—New York: Winchester.—The writings of *Frederika Bremer* have moved translators to look into other lucubrations of Swedish ladies, and the present Romance is a proof that they have not looked in vain. This is a charming work, and gives us characteristics from a field hitherto but partially wrought upon. It is exceedingly well deserving a careful perusal.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.—New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co.—The esteemed editor of the *Knickerbocker* is proceeding with all deliberate speed with the revival of his talented brother's "literary remains;" the fourth number is just published, in which is a portion of the "Prose Miscellanies," and the entire work will be a valuable addition to every tasteful library.

NEW MIRROR LIBRARY. New York: Morris, Willis, & Co.—It cannot be

too generally known that besides the regular hebdomadal publication of "The New Mirror," which is now running so popular a course among the periodicals of our day, the Editors of that work bring out at short intervals a supplementary course in the same style of neat publication, and of the same sized page, as a "New Mirror" Library. Four-and-twenty parts of this latter series have appeared, including matter equal to about thirty-five numbers of The New Mirror, and containing, among other elegant selections, various works by Mr. Willis, now first brought together, writings by Keats, Moore, Goldsmith, Montgomery, Morris, &c., &c., both in prose and verse, very ably chosen and very neatly put before the public; there is at this time sufficient for a good sized volume, and we would recommend the editors to prepare an index and instructions for binding, before the issue shall become inconveniently large.

Hints for Dancers.—It was at a party, only last winter, that Mr. Coarsegrain bandied words with Miss Smirkwell, who, forgetting that she was engaged to dance with him, had provided herself with another partner, and he was yet, notwithstanding such conduct, invited to almost every succeeding ball of the season. Ladies never jilt me about mere dances: the cruel dears reserve these tricks for matters that more nearly affect the heart; but, had a lady cut me about a dance, I should only have expressed my regret at her having forgot me so soon, and should have assured her that a thousand years could not obliterate her image from the tablets of my memory. In such a case, the other cavaliers, unless a regular vulgarian, would instantly have withdrawn his claim, and declared that it was happiness enough for him to have been, even for a moment, thought worthy of dancing with Miss Smirkwell, who, as far as he was concerned, was to consider herself perfectly disengaged, and at full liberty to dance with any one deserving the honor. Such conduct would have led at once to smiles, bows, and pretty speeches, instead of frowns and harsh words, which should be considered as altogether excluded from ladies' society. "But you forget," I think I hear Mrs. Huntwell say. "That Mr. Coarsegrain's estate is worth five thousand a year." True, true; and this may account for the subsequent invitations, but cannot justify them. At the same time, I would recommend ladies never to make such double engagements. There can be no great difficulty in recollecting who is to be the partner for the third quadrille or second waltz; or, if you should have a bad memory, take a little ivory tablet with you and register the gentleman according to a German fashion, which I have always thought a little affected. Inattention to this trifling matter, sometimes, I fear, the result of a little vanity, occasions ill blood and bad feeling, and should be most carefully avoided. On the continent, especially in France, it is a *law de rigueur* that no lady, after making such a mistake, dances again during the evening; and, though I deem it ludicrous in the extreme to see a grim and mustachioed dandy keeping fierce watch to prevent a pretty girl from joining a quadrille, I think it right to have some rem kept over ladies' caprices.

Captain Orlando Sabatiani in Fraser.

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND LONDON

WEEKLY PAPERS.

TOGETHER WITH ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FOR SALE AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT AT
THE FRANKLIN DEPOT OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,
No. 321 Broadway, next the Hospital. [J22-1m.

GENTLEMEN'S LEFT OFF WARDROBE.—The HIGHEST PRICES can be obtained by Gentlemen or Families who are desirous of converting their left off wearing apparel into cash. J. LEVINSKY, 466 Broadway, up stairs. A line through the Post Office, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. [J22-1m

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN.—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gilloitt. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at " "
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park, " "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style, must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN.—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 56th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENNOX, late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on week-days and half hourly on Sunday.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT,—that greatest of modern scientific achievements,—and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties.

An excellent Quot Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe cigars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco. Ap 20-ly.

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,

(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart.)

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,

No. 385 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate. May 11-6m.

APARTMENTS, &c.—Very superior accommodations, with or without board, may be obtained in this city, by applying either at No. 113 Hudson Street, or at the Office of this Journal. May 18.

TAMMANY HALL, (RE-OPENED.)

Corner of Nassau and Frankfort-streets, fronting the Park and City Hall, N.Y.

THE PROPRIETOR of this well known establishment having recently at great expense enlarged, refitted, and newly furnished it in a style that will bear comparison with any Public House in the Union, is now ready to accommodate travellers and others who may visit the city. The Lodging Rooms are large and airy, and fitted with the best of beds and furniture; the Refectory, in the basement, is arranged in a style chaste and neat, where refreshments are furnished at any hour from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. On the first floor, fronting the Park, is a Sitting Room for boarders; adjoining is a retired Reading Room, which, together with the general conveniences of the House, make it a very desirable stopping place for the man of business or leisure—it being in the vicinity of all the Places of Amusement, and but a short distance from the business portion of the city. The charge for Lodgings has been reduced as well as the rate of refreshments. The attendance is of the first order. While the Proprietor returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on this House by a generous public, he hopes by unremitting exertions, strict attention to business, and the wants of his customers to merit a continuation of the same. Mar. 16-4f.

SCOTCH ALE; BROWN STOUT; BRANDY; WHISKEY, &c.

Scotch Ale.—Edinburgh, Leith, and Alloa, pils. and qts. ripe and creamy.
Brown Stout.—Dublin and London.
Brandy.—Old and Hennessy, Old Dark and Pale, in wood and Bottles.
Whiskey.—Glenlivet and Islay "real peat reek"
Rum.—Jamaica Rum, North side, very superior " "
Gin.—Old Holland.
Wines.—Champagne, Sparkling Hock, Madeira, Sherry, Port, Claret, &c., all of first brands and quality. 100 cases 3 dozen each Old Lisbon White Wine.
* For sale on reasonable terms and in lots to suit purchasers by
ROBERT HOPE HART, 11 Nassau-st., cor. Pine.
Mar. 9-3m.
H Storage suitable for Scotch Ale, Wines, &c.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Scutchen, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Acetates, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation. The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, NOV. 25, 1843.

Messrs. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection: and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1825 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, seizing upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely eaten off; the passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now seized upon the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 30 drops of the "Tincture of Iodine" three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. At another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this I used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease a Cancer, but Dr. M., under whose treatment I was considered it Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—"My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?" Yes, replied I, various kinds, and every thing else I could hear of; but, said he, "I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla?" No, I replied. "Then use it, for I believe it will cure you." Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave some relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months, I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,
Your friend,

THOMAS LLOYD,
Nutra Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, / On this 25th day of November, 1843, before me came Thos. City of Brooklyn, ss. / Lloyd, and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper, and that he executed the same.

HENRY C. MURPHY, Mayor of the City of Brooklyn.
WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN
NORWICH, CONN.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

Messrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to publish to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be so surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed, upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skillful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with you, to my invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 5th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend.

ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.
Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.

NEW LONDON, Co., ss.
Personally appeared, the above-named Avenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,
Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,
Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 373 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Beggs, Quebec, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Mar. 9-6m.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

THIS popular and truly wonderful Medicine has, in thousand of instances, produced to invalids a NEW LIFE, who, after keeping their beds for years, have been so speedily re-invigorated with an infusion of new blood, and consequently of new life and strength, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, that their re-appearance amongst their fellow-beings, who had long given them up as incurable, is looked upon as the greatest of the many great wonders of the age.

The number of testimonials of cures by PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are crowding upon the Proprietors daily, and their unsolicited testimony witnessed by gentlemen of high reputation.

The following testimonial is from one of the most talented and respectable members of the Theatrical Profession, Mr. T. D. RICE, (the original Jim Crow)—a gentleman whose high character for worth and integrity as a citizen, places his unsolicited and voluntary attestation of the excellence of the Medicine beyond the shadow of suspicion. This, (with thousands of similar grateful acknowledgments,) can be seen at the Principal Depot, 117 Fulton-st.

To Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 117 Fulton-st., N.Y.:

Gentlemen—Having in the course of a long and arduous practice of my profession, contracted a tightness across the chest, with prostration of strength, and suffering much from the effects of the labour attached to my peculiar pursuits, while in England I had recourse to your popular Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, from which I received great benefit. Finding a Branch of your House in this city, I procured a few boxes of the Medicine, and can sincerely testify to their value and great efficacy, and also to the great character they bear in the old country.

Your obedient servant, THOMAS D. RICE, 20 Vestry-street.

This, from a Commission Merchant in the South and New York, is also unexceptionable:—

New York, 26th Dec., 1843.

Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—After having, for two years, severely suffered from a protracted disease of the bowels, together with hemorrhage, which seemed to baffle the skill of the best physicians in the South and elsewhere, a few boxes of your valuable Medicine, "PARR'S LIFE PILLS," which I had been persuaded to try,—and which I commenced taking with very little faith in their efficacy—effected an entire and really wonderful cure with me.

I cannot refrain from sending you this testimonial of their excellence, hoping that these Pills may be the means of relieving others, as they have cured me.

You are at liberty to use this voluntary testimonial, as a recommendation of your Pills, to those who may be in doubt of their virtues.—Very respectfully,

J. BURKHARDT, Late of 223 Carondelet-st., New Orleans,
Now 139 Grand-street, New York.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who has resided about twenty-five years in Southwark, Philadelphia, well known from his great respectability:—

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I feel it will be doing no more than right to inform you of the wonderful benefits I have received by the use of your Pills. I have been afflicted for twenty years or more with a weakness on the breast, the pipes in the throat, dyspepsia and costiveness of the bowels, with very much cough and spitting at times. Latterly, I was seized with asthma, and was so much plagued as to be unable to lie down at night. I am advanced in years, and have tried a great many cures in the course of my life, which in the general left me much weakened without doing any good. Having seen one of the books containing the life of Old Parr, and the cures therein stated, I applied to Mr. Peter Williamson, and procured a box to try them. I soon found they relieved me of my dyspepsia, and also the disease in my throat, and I was surprised to discover that I slept good at night, and could lie down comfortably, and when I felt any kind of smothering, I would get up in the night and take one or two Pills, and I would feel better instantly. I am now entirely relieved of all my complaints, and have an excellent appetite, and am of the firm opinion that PARR'S LIFE PILLS are the best medicine I have ever taken for my complaints. From their gentleness with me, and the great good they have done me, I am satisfied they will be of equal benefit to many others thus afflicted.—I am, gentlemen, yours, respectfully,

Nov. 27, 1843. JEREMIAH CLARK, Corner of Catherine-st. and Passayunk Road, Moyamensing, formerly of Southwark.

The next from Mrs. M. Cling:—

No. 193 Christie-street.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for this twelve years with the liver complaint and dyspepsia, and after trying all advertised medicines—then had recourse to a doctor, who only patched me up. At last the kind hand of Providence pointed out to me the report of Parr's Life Pills, and after attentively and carefully taking a few small boxes, I began to feel like another being—and I ask my cure may be circulated through the United States, so grateful am I for my recovery from the grave.

M. CLING, 193 Christie-street.

ASTHMA. Portsmouth, N.H., Nov. 27, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that in this town and neighbourhood your invaluable Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are much praised for their rare virtues and great efficacy in the cure of Asthma, and consequently their sale is considerable. Mr. James Ladd, a gentleman well known here, told me of a friend of his, an elderly lady, who has been troubled with Asthma for the last six years, so much so that she was unable to walk out, or use any exertion. Being advised to try Parr's Life Pills, she found herself considerably relieved by them, and persevering in their use, she was enabled, a few weeks since, not only to go about, but to walk to church, a distance of a quarter of a mile from her residence, a feat she had not accomplished for the last three years.

Another case is that of an Engineer on one of the Eastern Railroads, who, after having tried numerous other Medicines and found no relief, but a short time since, began to take Parr's Life Pills for the above distressing complaint, and I am happy to say at this present writing he is fast recovering.—I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

The following, being a translation from a German letter, by Mr. Etting, a native of Germany, now living at 167 Ludlow-street—

New York, Dec. 25, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—It is rarely that we Germans can be induced to have recourse to the so-called patent medicines, as we seldom have confidence in them. A friend of mine, however, induced me to try PARR'S LIFE PILLS, as a cure for habitual costiveness and sick head-ache, of which I had suffered for years, and for which I could find no efficient remedy.

A few boxes of your Pills, which I bought of your Agent, have, thank God, been the means of perfectly restoring my health. I have also used those Pills in my family, and with such excellent success, that I shall henceforth keep a constant supply in my house. Should there be persons who would doubt the good effects of this Medicine, I beg to refer them to me, and it would give me much pleasure to show my gratitude for the relief they have afforded me, by recommending them to others.—Respectfully,

C. ETTLING, 167 Ludlow-street.

Mr. J. H. Bowman writes as follows:—

Vergennes, Nov. 8, 1842.

Messrs. THOS. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I have closed the sale of all the PARR'S LIFE PILLS sent me, and will remit the balance by our Mr. Roberts, who will be in your city in a few days. The Pills are much liked, and give great satisfaction, and are now in considerable demand, and I have told my customers if they would be patient a few days I would have some more. You will please therefore send me an equal quantity of each size immediately, by railroad to Albany.—Yours respectfully,

J. H. BOWMAN.

Fountain Head Tavern, 96 Duane-street.
The Proprietors of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.—Gentlemen—I cannot be silent on the subject of your Medicine, after experiencing such benefit from it. I am grateful to you that my health has been re-established, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, after suffering much from dyspepsia for years. To show that gratitude, I shall be pleased, by your using my name, as one that can and will, at all times, testify to their great efficacy in one of the most severe cases of dyspepsia that probably ever occurred.—I am, gentlemen, Yours respectfully,

S. BROWN.

January 10, 1844.

The following letter is from Mr. Thomas Elder, a gentleman of this city:—

New York, 17th Jan., 1844.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure in being able to bear testimony in regard to the benefits to be derived from the use of your invaluable Medicine, known as "PARR'S LIFE PILLS." For a series of years I have been subjected to severe bilious attacks, attended with nausea and derangement of the digestive organs, and applied the ordinary remedies without relief. A friend made me a present of one box of your Pills, with a recommendation to try them. Before I had used the whole of them I found their salutary effects, and have continued the use of them up to the present time with great benefit. As a family medicine, from their gentle nature, they are of infinite service, when applied in sickness, to children, of which I have had sufficient experience in my own family. Indeed, I esteem them as the most safe and efficacious medicine now in use.—I am, gentlemen, Yours most ob'dtly,

THOMAS ELDER.

They can be had at the Office of the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., No. 117 Fulton-st., Second Floor.

Mar. 20-44.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—PUBLISHED WEEKLY
EMBELLISHED WITH UPWARDS OF 30 ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER
 THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Established May 14, 1842—a Pictured Family Newspaper, containing Essays on Public Affairs, Literature, Fine Arts, The Drama, Sporting Intelligence, Science, and a record of all the events of the week at home, abroad, or in the Colonies; the whole illustrated in a high style of art by engravers of the first eminence, printed in a form convenient for binding, and comprising 16 PAGES and 48 COLUMNS OF LETTER PRESS, in a typography consistent with the beauty and neatness of the embellishments.

The Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have no longer to usher before the world a mere prospectus of a purpose and design. The project which they at first conceived in a spirit of sanguine ambition, has within a comparatively short period, been crowned with the most gratifying and unprecedented success. With the rapidity of tropical vegetation, their seed has grown to fruit, and the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is now the only FAMILY NEWSPAPER, properly so characterized, which, exceeding all its contemporaries in the amount of public patronage allotted to it, can claim a

CIRCULATION OF 50,000 COPIES.

and proudly takes rank as the first of all the weekly journals of the empire.

The fact is a source of mingled gratitude and pride—of pride, because no expedients of imposition—no mean subterfuges have been resorted to, but a stand has been made upon the simple merits of a system which its proprietors have only now to study to improve into as much perfection as a newspaper can attain. To the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the community are indebted for the first continuation of all the varieties of public intelligence, with the fertile and exhaustless resources of the fine arts—the development of a new and beautiful means of extending and confirming the interests of society over all the topics within the circle of its life and action—the giving brighter presence and more vivid and palpable character and reality to every salient point and feature in the great panorama of public life.

And in the cementing of this new and happy union, the Editor of this newspaper has sought no adventitious aids to attain his purpose of success. He has not pandered to the prejudices of the high, nor the passions of the lower orders of society—he has avowed the countenance of no party in the state or among the people, but taking the high ground of neutrality, has contented himself with the advocacy of justice, morality and truth—to raise the standard of public virtue—to palliate the distresses of the poor—to aid the benevolence of the rich—to give a healthy moral tone to the working of our social system—to uphold the great principles of humanity—to promote science—to encourage belles lettres, and beaux arts—to foster genius and help the oppressed—in a word, to enlist all the nobler influences which impel the progress of civilization and tend to dignify the character alike of nations as of men. This should be the enlarged purpose of the honest public journalist, and to take its humble part in the promotion of such purpose is the cherished and avowed ambition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

To achieve this, the proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in literature and art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favor and the recorded encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press.

When this beautiful work is considered in all its details—the talent and skill of the artists—the elaborate execution of the engraver, notwithstanding the rapidity with which many of the engravings have been done—the varied talent displayed in the editorial department—the beauty of its printing—the quality of its paper, and, unlike all other newspapers, is well worthy of preservation, forming as it does a splendid volume every half year, and a work of art never surpassed, besides various other items which could be enumerated, it must be acknowledged, that in these days of cheap literature, it is beyond comparison the greatest wonder that ever issued from the press.

The great success of the Illustrated London News renders it necessary that the public should be on their guard that inferior publications are not substituted for this paper. The "Illustrated London News" is published every Saturday, and maybe had of all the booksellers in the United States and Canada.

N.B.—Also all the back numbers.

March 16-17

"The Blood is the Life of the Flesh."—HOLY WRIT.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THAT the blood is the life of the body, I presume is undisputed, therefore I shall say that it being the SEAT OF LIFE, it must also be the seat of disease. If disease be in the blood, we should not be surprised if it were the cause of all our ailments. It is the impurities which must be removed by Brandreth's Pills to secure our health, in all states of the system, in all situations, and in all climates. The blood, like a good spirit, is always trying to benefit the body by its struggles to expel impurities. But it is not capable of effecting its own purification at all times; to do this it must often have assistance. When the blood is loaded with impurities, especially in this climate, the consequence may be fatal, provided the blood is not purified at once, and this is sure to be effected if Brandreth's Pills are used.

No time must be lost by the use of foolish remedies, such as bleeding or mercury, for they both only put off the evil day to make it more fatal. Even in inflammatory diseases bleeding never ought to be resorted to, for in nine cases out of ten it will take away the power of nature to effect the cure, even when aided by Brandreth's Pills. They can take out the impurities from the blood, but alas! they cannot put new blood into the body immediately, this requires time, but they can arrest the old blood, and the old blood must be there. It is at all times easier to eradicate mercury from the system and restore the mercurialized being to full health, than it is to effect the restoration of the man who has repeatedly been bled. Bleeding and the effects of opium are the greatest antagonists the Brandreth's Pills have to contend against. Let us therefore be wise, and when sickness assails us, abstract the disease OUT OF THE BLOOD, not the blood out of the body, which bleeding does.

Now, Brandreth's Pills not only purify the blood, but they lessen the quantity, at the same time they make the quality better. They only take the worn out parts from the blood, those which it retained, would be a source of disease. The good effects which are derived from Brandreth's Pills have to be felt to be believed. The seeds of decay can be constantly eradicated by their use, and the PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—THE BLOOD—strengthened. Thus protracting vigor of body and mind to a period when we have been accustomed to see the faltering step and the enfeebled intellect.

Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the Blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed is to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and, generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth's Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life, they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth's Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by Brandreth's Pills, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicines ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

All GENUINE BRANDRETH PILLS have six signatures of Doctor Brandreth on each box. Two on each label. Be careful of counterfeits. Sold at 25 cents per box, at Dr. Brandreth's principal office, 241 Broadway, and also at his retail offices 276 Bowery, and 1891 Hudson-st.; and by Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-street, Brooklyn; Lyman & Co., Montreal; Rigney & Co., Toronto. Mar. 16-17m.

PERKINS HOUSE, 19 Pearl Street, Boston.—Messrs. VIGNES & GORDON would respectfully announce to their Friends and the Public, that their extensive and commodious Hotel, the PERKINS HOUSE, has been newly furnished throughout, and is now in every particular well calculated for the accommodation of Travellers and the Public generally. For comfort, convenience, and location, it is not surpassed by any Hotel in the city; and they can assure those who may favor them with their patronage that every effort will be used to have every delicacy on the Table, and their Wines, &c., will be of the best quality.

Very superior accommodation for families, and charges moderate. Ap. 27-3m.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
 No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman,
 Reference—G. Merie, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.
 Aug. 26-17.

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

MARINE TELEGRAPH FLAGS, AND SEMAPHORIC TELEGRAPH SIGNAL BOOK.
 TO THE COMMERCIAL, MARINE, AND SHIPPING INTERESTS OF NEW YORK.—The undersigned, having furnished above two thousand sets of Marine Telegraph Flags with a designating number, and Signal Book, (including the Government vessels of war and revenue cutters,) proposes to furnish the merchant vessels of New York with full sets of his Telegraph Flags, a designating number and Signal Book, for FIFTEEN DOLLARS, for a set of thirteen flags in number, with the book of numerals as registered in numerical and alphabetical order. Ships, barques, brigs, schooners, sloops, and steam-vessels, possessing this semaphoric code of signals with a designating Telegraph number, will be displayed upon the Tontine building in Wall-street, as received from the Staten Island Telegraph station, upon their arrival in the outer harbor—all which will be duly recorded and reported by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, No. 67 Wall-street. JOHN R. PARKER, Sole Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags and the Semaphoric Signal Book.

We, the undersigned, marine surveyors, having examined the system of marine signals, or telegraph flags, together with the semaphoric signal book, compiled by Mr. JOHN R. PARKER, think them well adapted for communication at sea, and strongly recommend their use and adoption by owners of vessels, ship-masters, underwriters, and all others interested in the commerce of our country.

THOMAS H. MERRY,
 RUSSELL STURGES.

SAMUEL CANDLER,
 JOSEPH TINKHAM,
 R. BRUMLEY.

MAGAZIN OF PARIS, LONDON, & NEW YORK FASHIONS IN LADIES' HATS
 The establishment No. 418 Broadway, two doors above Canal Street, is now open and selling every variety of fashionable Bonnets.

It is expressly designed to be a depot wherein Ladies may be certain of finding an ample and varied supply of all the most fashionable, beautiful, and durable straw hats, as well as those composed of other materials. A direct communication with Paris and London, affords the means of introducing the latest Fashions of those cities, almost as soon as adopted there, to the Ladies of this, the real Metropolis of America. May 4-3m.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N. Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plans. Ap. 20-17.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton possesses to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

Porters and particulars application may be made at Signor Godolm, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory. Jan. 20-17.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the super vision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR.

(Mar. 9-17.

SMITH'S REVISED BOTANIC PHYSICIAN.—Containing a complete practice of Medicine, Midwifery, and Diseases of Women and Children; a description of about four hundred Medical Plants, Gums, with their medical properties; (Pharmacy) a great many useful and favourite receipts; Surgery is full, and illustrated with many drawings. Physiology is so arranged that it is of vital importance to every person; it is illustrated with many beautiful drawings. This is a complete Family Book, as well as a Physician's Guide and Library. It is just issued from the Press, and is for sale by the Proprietor, Isaac Smith, M.D., No. 384 Broome-st., New York, at the low price of \$6 single copy. A discount will be made to those that purchase to re-sell. My 25-17.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Dustan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners. May 11-17.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 1, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16	
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
 C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
 and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

Feb. 3.